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THE Royal Martyr, K. CHARLES I. A TRAGEDY.

by Mr. Fuse

Cæsaris *arma canant alii, nos Cæsaris Aras,*
Et quoscunque sacris addidit ille dies. Ovid.

Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat Deus
operi suo Intentus,
Vir Fortis *cum Mala Fortuna compositus.*
Seneca lib. de provid.

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TO THE
QUEEN.

May it pleaſe Your Majeſty,

THO Royalty be eſtabliſh'd in the World by the Finger of GOD, as well as the Irrevocable Suffrages of Men, and the Perſons of Princes be Sacred by the Teſtimony of Divine Authority, as well as by the Univerſal Impreſs and Sentiments of Mankind; (from the Conſciouſneſs of which Truth, Traitors have ſet up the Name and Safety of Princes, as the Painted Head of rebellious Arms againſt themſelves:) yet, notwithſtanding all that *Story* can give inſtance of, or that Fancy may invent;

invent; this is its Tragedy, which can neither be heightned by Aggravation, or leſſned by Excuſe.

Whilſt in the Fervour of Devotion, with Altars covered with Cypreſs, we are endeavouring to attone Heaven for an Expiation of this Blood; when theſe Religious Exerciſes intermit, our Meditation almoſt loſeth it ſelf: When we reflect, THAT HE! who in the Seat of His Imperial Dignity, ſhould be careſſed by the Greateſt of Monarchs, to have been umpire of their Quarrels, and Partner in their Fortunes; THAT HE! who from the Throne of His Magnificence, could behold ſo many Kingdoms, ſo many Grandees bending under his Sceptres; THAT HE! the Grand Arbitrator of the Lives and Fortunes of ſo many Millions, and who had all thoſe other Appanages of Royalty, delegated to him by Merit, entailed by Birth, eſtabliſhed by Law, ſecured by Oaths, ſupported by Allies, and managed by Power: And yet by a Fatality which aſtoniſhed the whole World! that HE ſhould be hurried with ſo many Currents, driven to ſo many Extremities, foil'd in ſo many Battles, lockt up in ſo many Priſons: And that the Theatre of His Glory ſhould be the Scene of His Suffering!

That the Croſs is the Way to the Crown, is no new Maxim of Chriſtianity; but that the Crown'd ſhould ſtoop to the Croſs, aſſert the Rights of Religion and Royalty on the Throne, fight for them in the Field, and by a generous overcoming of all the Struglings of Policy and Nature, die for them on a Scaffold, with an Acquieſcence becoming the Piety of a Saint, with a Magnanimity becoming the Majeſty of a King: This is the Triumph of Wreſtling; This is the Seal of Martyrdom; This is the Palm of Victory.

It's

It's becauſe the Blood of this *Royal Martyr* yet runs warm in Your Veins, and that You, like Him, are ſignalizing Your Zeal for Maintenance of the Rights of GOD's Church, as well as thoſe of Royal Majeſty, that this Work preſumes to lay it ſelf at Your Majeſty's Feet; and were the Performance in the leaſt, ſuitable to the Dignity of the Subject, it would naturally hope for Countenance and Protection from Perſons of the Higheſt Rank.

GOD has reſerved Your Majeſty for better Times; for whilſt Your Arms are diſplaying themſelves with Terror and Succeſs abroad, and that You are not only keeping the Ballance, but changing the very Fate of Empires and Kingdoms; and in the Exerciſe of all Your Princely Endowments are WISE above Your Years, and STRONG above Your Sex; the Seeds of Diſcontent at Home are choaked in theſe very Bowels where they breed. All Intereſts and Factions are conſpiring in Your Greatneſs: GOD is counterpoiſing the Diſaſters of Your Family, by the Felicities of your State.

Tho Pageants, and Triumphal Arches, adorn'd with all thoſe indelible Inſcriptions, which fill up the Character of a Glorious Princeſs, ſhould be dedicated to ſuch a victorious QUEEN, rather than the Tragedy of an unfortunate Monarch: Yet becauſe Fortitude is no leſs the ſame, though unſucceſsful, and that all theſe ſtroaks of Fortune have not depreſſed, but immortalized the Fame of this your Magnanimous Anceſtor: It's hoped this Attempt and unpoliſhed Draught of *Him*, who to the Imperial, joined the Martyr's Crown, will not be unacceptable to Your Majeſty.

Since

Since our Happineſs is bound up in Yours, Intereſt as well as Duty, obliges us to pray for Your Proſperity and Greatneſs, that Your Reign may be laſting, as it is auſpicious; that You may be ever as much feared by Your Enemies, as loved by Your Subjects, and thus Your Life (that uninterupted Courſe of Triumph) in its laſt Period, ſhall be but an Acceſſion to an Immarceſſible Crown of Glory, which ſhall be ever the earneſt Prayer of,

DREAD SOVEREIGN,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Moſt Humble, and

moſt Obedient Subject

and Servant,

ALEXANDER FYFE.

THE

Royal Martyr CHARLES I.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Enter King CHARLES, *the* QUEEN, *Prince* RUPERT, *the Duke of* RICHMOND, *Earl of* ESSEX, *Guards and Attendants.*

SCENE I. *A Palace.*

Rupert] TO blaze the Glories, *Cæſar*, you have won,
The *Britiſh* World, that narrow Spot's undone.
Th' *Indians* at your Sacred Name do ſhake,
As to their *Pa-God* Adorations make:
Digging in Mines, or tugging at the Oar,
There from rich Nature choiceſt Spoils are tore;
And all there Treaſure's Tribute to your Store.

Richmond] Nature and Fortune's Jewel, what can adorn?
Not brighteſt Gemms by proudeſt Monarchs worn.
Nature may Wealth, to Savages impart;
But here the Metal is refin'd by Art.
They trudge, for whom! for what they do not know;
It's Value to the Royal Stamp they owe.

Rup.] When *Aſia*'s ſplendid Courts I did behold,
Theſe of th' excelling *Britiſh* Grandeur told.
Nations at this exalted Name, bow down;
So far Remote, paid Homage to his Crown.
About the World I roam'd, twice croſt the *Line*,
And ferry'd o'er the Banks of frozen *Rhine*;
Truth, theſe loud Blaſts of Fame, could not belye,
The Glory dazzleth the Beholder's Eye.

Rich.] Traffick and Policy make *Cæſar* known,
As if this ſpacious Globe were all his own;
The World would ſtretch to hold this Emperour,
But Virtue checks the Exerciſe of Power.
For holding *Europe*'s Ballance in his Hand,
Here he's content with abſolute Command.
No Rival of his Glory does admit,
But like to *Jove*, on awful Throne he'll ſit
With Crowns, by ſtrongeſt Bands, about his Temples knit.

Eſſex] Tho' theſe be gaudy Marks of Sovereign Sway,
By a known Rule the Subjects do obey:
And each their own in Quietneſs poſſeſs;
Law, like a Land-mark, neither will tranſgreſs.

Rich.] All, All, for *Cæſar*'s Safety daily pray,
Homage to *Heaven*, and him, by Turns, do pay;
Whilſt Streams of pour'd-out Wine, dye all the way.
The Holy Prieſts, in reverent Attire,
Approach devoutly to the hallowed Fire:
When theſe in Golden Cenſers ſacrifice,
See Clouds of Incenſe, from the Altars, riſe;
Whilſt theſe devoutly worſhip and adore,
None can become, deſerve an Altar more.

King]

King] Talk not to me of circumvested Pride,
Of Power, or Fame, or thousand Things beside:
Give me but one or two soft peaceful Hours,
And all the Splendor of my State be yours.

Rup.] What moves you *Cæsar?* why this cloudy Brow?
Choler may raise, but no Misfortune bow.
Appear in Royal Majesty and State:
Bear out th' Advantage of your Birth, and Fate.
You, you, who Thunder, and the *Poles* command,
Can ought that's Mortal, *Cæsar*'s Will withstand?
'Gainst you, does any daring Monarch Arm?
Why should false Rumours of a War alarm?
Yours, if a Rival Empire cannot shake;
Can strugling in-bred Jars, in pieces break?

Queen] Why *Charles*, why, so Pensive and Morose?
Does Love, or State, disquiet your Repose?
I see your Aspect Discontent portend,
Against some haughty Tyrant, let it bend.
What! what! so soon this sullen Temper wrought!
Have I not ever lov'd you, as I ought?

Rup.] Your Name with Mortals sets you out at an odds,
Then for Diversion combat with the Gods.
May *Cæsar's* Glory still the higher rise!
Cramm'd in on Earth; then let it pierce the Skies,
Where e're the *Fiery Chariot* drives the Sun,
Until your Fame Great *Cæsar*'s has out-done.

Queen] *Rupert*, Let me to *Caucasus* be chain'd,
With Life's most cruel Torments there be pain'd,
Parch't with the Winds, may Frosts congeal my Blood,
My heart of savage Vultures be the food,
This Royal heart, for *Cæsars* love resign'd,
Prometheus-like, grow more, more to be pin'd,
If I in all his Fortunes do not share
My only Glory, and my only Care.

Rup.] May *Jove*, by Thunder, strike me to my shade,
If ere my Thoughts for *Cæsar*'s greatness fade;

For since his Blood does sparkle in my Veins,
Its overboyling, to this Rage constrains.
Why thus, your Bowels and your Veins distend!
Speak, and to us that thoughtful Soul unbend.

King] A strange Convulsion's like to shake my Throne;
It must be cur'd, or I am quite undone.

Rup.] You, who with Wisdom still the Scepter sway,
And cannot you the Remedy apply?

King.] I straight from my *Observatory* came,
From thence beheld, three Kingdoms in a flame,
Can no *Ideas* of the Juncture Form,
But sad Prognosticks of the hanging Storm.

Rup.] Will *Hecatombs* these Angry Gods appease?
With human Gore, the reeking Altars please?
Shake but the Scepter; let it deludge Blood,
And quench the Flame, by breaking of the Cloud.
All, All's at your Command, speak but the Word;
Why! *Cesar*, I'll enforce it with my Sword.

Richm.] Ah! Gently, Gently; first the Quarrel weigh
Ere ye by pow'r, the mighty Force defy.
Kind Heaven by other Means, strive to appease;
Learn to Prevail, e're ye begin to Raise.

King] I call'd my *Senate*, me they'd Counteract,
Split into Factions, Counsels has distract.
They'd have me *Hieroglyphick* of a King;
Like to a King of Bees without a Sting;
Or, as the gaudie chained Idols stand
With flaming Sword, in their unmoving hand.
My Soul with their Remonstrances is stung,
Out of my Hands almost the Scepter's wrung.

Queen] They'd all be Gods like us, this is the draught;
The people with that gilded Bait are caught.

King] They tow'r, as if this massie Crown of Gold,
Of them, and not of Heaven I did hold.
To try, if Royal dainties would them glut,
I in their hands its brightest Jewels put.

The

The *Starr, whose fatal influence they did fear, *Strafford
I made it in a twinkling disappear.
But find, that at my self they point the Thrust,
I acted what was safe, not what was just.
Rup.] And will not *Cesars* Quarrels and his Name
Secure a Triumph? ——
Rich.] Sir, that Impression may deceive your sight,
And force may overpow'r the cleerest Right.
Lo, this the Giddie Mobb will after 't draw,
For't colours all its actings by a Law.
Rup.] To *Cesar*, will the Senate rules lay down?
Will they usurp, who should support the Crown?
Must their Resolves still thwart his Royal mind?
His Pow'r like to his Empire's unconfin'd.
Essex] The Senate only for this Juncture plead,
The Royal Will may to their Wisdom cede.
Rich.] But craftily on *Cesar*'s Right encroach,
Wrest his just Power, by models they wou'd broach.
Ess.] Prerogative they'd limit and define
Its Power, with their inherent Rights conjoin.
Rup.] Yes, if his hand the Weapon cannot weild,
It justly to another he should yield.
Ess.] They fear the hand may be misled, and sway
Impose Commands they cannot well obey,
When from their Subjects KINGS their Wills divide
Humours in discontent fall to a side.
In the Excrescence swelling Tumors raise,
And men will run unto Extreams for ease.
Rich.] Purse with the People, with the King, the Sword.
Essex] What's Pow'r without the Purse? an empty word;
Rup.] Since that pretence of Right does Wills divide.
For Treating cannot, let there Power decide.
Essex] Then he may fight 'gainst what he should protect,
NO? Equitie Laws Letter must correct,
And from misdoing Majesty is freed,
When they have got the Sword, as they decreed.

For

Fortune may me of Right and Pow'r deprive, [*King aside.*
But unto what's Unprincely never drive,
Though to my overthrow, they ſhould conſpire,
Law ſhall the meaſure be of my deſire.
A happy Crime, ſucceſsfully maintain'd,
Of Juſtice, has the Reputation gain'd.

Rich.] They'd next the towring *Mitre* trample down,
The CROSIER ſtrugles to exalt the Crown.

Rup.] He is not bound to grant as they propoſe,
With ſtrange Inventions 'gainſt the ſyſtem cloſe:
Since to ſupport that Order he has ſwore:
An Oath, to what is Sacred, binds the more.

Eſſex] With what was in their favours, they'll diſpenſe,
And juſtly, that their Module ſhould licenſe.

Rup.] Againſt his Right and Will the change purſue,
Who'll clear his Conſcience, or abſolve the Vow?

Eſſex] They what ſeems fitteſt for the juncture claim.

Rich.] Right in all Times and Ages is the ſame.

Eſſex] Thrones and Imperial Powers from Heaven do ſpring,
And from that ſource they take their fatal ſwing.
Sage Princes, as their only Prop and Shield,
Sometimes their own, to pleaſe their People, yield;
And O! how many will his Fate involve?

Rup.] They him from Rules of Government abſolve.

Exit Earl of Eſſex.

King] Diſpute no more, the Caſe is in my View,
Of my Affairs I this ſad Picture drew;
Unhappy *Ireland* ſtill a bleeding lyes;
For *here* Diſtractions do withhold ſupplies
To *Popiſh* Fury, there the Victims fell;
Theſe for my Perſon 'gainſt my Laws Rebel.
Scotland will needs their *Covenant* fulfil,
Stampt it by Law, with my extorted Will.
Myſterious Treaſon (who can it define)
Will for a King, yet 'gainſt a King combine:

They're

They're by the Sanctimonious Cheat misled,
Procruſtes-like, they fit them for the bed,
Here the Infecting Leproſie has ſpread.
And next Schiſmatick Factious *England* ſee,
She's now a Riddle to her ſelf and me.
Such inward ſtruglings hopes of peace defeat;
The Sheep-skin'd Wolves embroyl both Church and State,
O Strange!
Each jealous Faction does it fury ſpend,
My Legal Pow'r would from my Perſon rend;
My Greatneſs and my Glory all pretend:
All, All, is *Labyrinth* me round about;
I'm wynded in, but what ſhall wynd me out?

Rich.] Since the dethroning Plot's in towring Pride,
Then in the Hurrie joyn the ſtrongeſt ſide.
And for the Juncture that Expedient find,
If Duty Subjects, Safety Kings ſhould bind.

King] *London*, the Seat of this bewitching Fraud,
The Treaſon by the Giddie Mobb applaud,
Where I in all Magnificence ſhould dwell,
Tumults in boundleſs Fury me expel,
Repuls'd at *Hull*, I of th'affront Complain'd,
And *Hotham* in his Treaſon is maintain'd;
Which my juſt Indignation does provoke.

Rup.] They have determin'd to ſhake off the Yoak,
Let Standards againſt Standards now advance:
Let brandiſht Swords reverberat the glance,
And Squibs and Rockets hiſſing in the night,
With glowing Blaze, aſtoniſh and affright.
At Sea and Land let thund'ring Cannon roar:
The *Britiſh* Iſle be floating in the Gore:
Vulcan for us new Thunder-bolts may forge,
Rivers of blood ſhall in the Sea diſgorge.
Under theſe juſt Calamities they'll groan,
With bathing eyes, the Deſolation Moan,
And for their horrid Crimes their Blood attone.

King]

King] **In this perplexing doubt who'll guide my path?**
I'd with some other Object of my Wrath;
And with Dishonour must I wear a Crown:
I'll from the World retire, and lay it down.
No, No;
Even for my Honour, and my Kingdom's sake,
Some Noble Efforts let my Courage make.
May I be last of Kings, last of my Race,
I'll once with sword in hand the Rebels face.

Rich.] They'll fear more weightie, you the Yoak wou'd wreath,
When Swords in one anothers Bowels sheath.

King.] I'd but preserve, and not enlarge my Pow'r:
O! for *Achilles* Spear, to Wound and Cure.

Exit Richmond.

Queen.] Ah! softly, softly, let Loves pleasant Charms
My Fond imbrace, divert from taking Arms.

King.] To Love, that Tyrant of my Soul, I'd yield;
Honour competes, and Love must quite the Field.

Queen] *Cesar* and *Alexander* Love did bind;
Brave Souls! like to their Conquests, unconfin'd.
How hotly did they Victories pursue!
Love conquer'd them, and may't not conquer you?

King] These made their Glories by their Triumphs known;
Love intermits, when Honour's overthrown;
And could you to that Prince you Heart resign,
Who for his Honour would to fight decline?

Queen] Princes by Rules of Policy must move;
In all Estates you're worthy of my *Love*
With you, since I stoopt to the nuptial Wreath,
I nought, but through strong pangs of *Love* can breath.
What Scepter'd Slaves, in humblest Postures sue,
Your bright attractive Merit makes your due.

King] Could Heroes that resplendent Beauty know,
The more I pay, more Homage still I owe;
As of their Glorie I the Rival am,
Even of my bliss in you they'd be the same.

Queen]

Queen] Beauty, which *Jove* could draw from Heaven's high Tow'r,
He lov'd Delight above Almighty Power;
Tho' I, no such Obedience can plead
For you who worship't: Me, the Goddess made.
King] 'Twixt Love and Glory, still the struggling lyes:----
And, O the Depth of this dethroning Plot!
And must I basely lose what's nobly got?
Queen] To me, your splendid Triumphs seem but vain:
I've certain Hazard; but uncertain Gain.
With Tears, I you beseech, on Terms to close:
Whoever gains; yet you are sure to lose.
King] Of Subjects Blood, I value every Drop
As 't were my own; this Flux I cannot stop!
My *Senate* did essay the Cure in vain:
For these Physicians brought along the Pain.
And, by this strange Example, I must prove,
If you, my Person, or my Fortune, love.
Queen] I no Distinction know:----
King] ----- But does't not damp
T' exchange this pleasant Palace for a Camp?
Queen] My vehment Love, by slender Proofs you try:
Since I profess to love, I must obey.
If Charms, or yet Intreaties, cannot move;
Think on these Royal Pledges of our Love.
So soon the tender Buds their Head display,
Th' apparent Storm may nip them quite away;
Who with th' Advantage of a Sun-shine blest,
Such Blasts and Tempests cannot yet resist.
King] I have determin'd: To dissuade forbear;
You'll, in the Glory, or Disaster, share:
Indeed, that Motive's strong; but cannot bait:
Let 's altogether yield unto our Fate:
Queen] Then, then, our strong Affections closely meet,
Love makes Adventures fearless, Troubles sweet.
My rouzed Courage shall it self imploy;
But fear, some Engine, into Snares decoy.

So when *Cassandra* o'er *Troy*'s Fate had griev'd,
Foretold the Truth, but could not be believ'd.

King] Solicite Friends and Allies, let them know,
What kind Assistance to our Cause they owe;
And this, our Hopes of Success, may renew:
For to this *Dagon*, Millions will not bow.

Queen] Then as you hope, Pray Heaven, it may succeed:
Your Legions and your Squadrons, I will head.
What Man is he who will refuse to stand,
Whilst I to fight *Amazon*-like, command?

King] O do not, do not expose t' enrag'd Arms,
What Savages in utmost Fury charms.

Queen] At me, let poyson'd forked Arrows fly;
For Valour shall my tender Sex supply,
My Breast expanded shall their Darts receive
With the undaunted Courage of the Brave.
With Scars and Wounds, and Blood and Gore, besmear'd,
Were to your Love, such noble Trophies rear'd.
Warlike *Semiramis*, I'll represent
More bright than *Persians* on their Helmets paint.

[*Re-enter Duke of* Richmond.

I hear a mighty Rushing in the way,
And Blood-red Ensigns fix'd on Poles display,
The prancing Hoofs, in winged Squadrons, wheel,
And Men, with glitt'ring Spears on Plains do reel:
From Post to Post, they one another hurle,
And Shields, 'gainst Shields about the World do furle;
Nought does retard, they drive at full Career,
Nearer Approach, more terrible appear;
And Drums, and Trumpets, warlike Engine sounds
Eccho aloud, to Earth the Heaven rebounds,
My Reason and my Sense, at once confounds.

Rup.] My Life, That's *Essex*! ------

Queen] ------ I can't understand;
But hear like Noise of Armies hard at Hand.

Rup.] Set

Rup.] Set all your Pow'r and Terrors in Array,
Ceſar, your *Spreading Eagle* now diſplay:
For after ſuch a Signal, who will ſtay?

King] They're the Aggreſſors; Treaſon's out of doubt:
I muſt, by Force of Arms, my Right diſpute.
Arm, Arm, Arm, Arm, now each aſſume his Poſt:
The Cauſe, through this Surprizal, may be loſt.
'Twixt Hopes and Fears, let's fight it as we can;
I'll give the On-ſet, I'll lead on the Van:
The brave Endeavour does reward the Toil;
Honour is ours in Victory or Foil.

Rich.] The Work with Expedition, I will ply,
And bravely conquer, or as bravely die.

Rup.] On, on, and I'll begin the tragick Play,
And with the Smoak of Cannon baniſh Day.
Born under different Stars, here Fate receive
A ſpringing Lawrel, or a ſhady Grave.
Let's for this Prey, like angry Lions roar,
Ramble in Fury, walt'ring in the Gore,
Till Rage, with loſs of Blood, be kindled more.

SCENE II.

The Earl of ESSEX *ſitting in a Tent, attended by his Officers.*

Eſſex] HOw great's the Care, the Toil, and lingring Pain,
That racks a General's *Breaſt*, and breaks his Brain,
'Twixt Power and Right, the mighty ſtrugling lyes:
You need *Briarius* Hands, I *Argus* Eyes.

[*A* Courier *enters the Tent.*

Cour.] The Royal Army march'd with Banners ſpread,
A harniſh'd Gyant, with his ſharp'ned Blade,
Led on the Van. ----

[Rupert *enters the Tent, and* Eſſex *ſtarts up to meet him: They both draw.*

Rup.] I, in your Sov'raign Leidge Lord's Name, command
You ſheath that Sword, and all this Force disband.

Eſſex] In that ſame Name, I, for his Cauſe appear;
So may it pleaſe Your Highneſs to retire.

Rup.] In *Ceſar*'s Name, againſt his own Command?
And for his Right, againſt his Perſon ſtand?

Eſſex] Do not miſtake; I fight not to ſubdue;
But from malignant Counſel, him reſcue:
And can the ſtricteſt Loyal Teſt abide:
His Will, he from the Senate does divide.

Rup.] Why they from him? -------

Eſſex] ------ No more I will diſpute.

Rup.] Now ſhall the furbiſht Steel decide the Doubt.

[*They fight; and a Noiſe of a Battle is heard.*

ACT II.

Enter General LEVEN: *A Captain of the Army leading* Jack Aſhbunham *Priſoner.*

SCENE I. *A Camp.*

Captain] In your Camp, this roving Stragler found;
To be examin'd, here I bring him bound.

Leven] Is he ſome Rogue, a Refuge, or a Spy;
Let 's know, if he'll prevaricat or ly.

Aſhb.] No,

Ashb.] No, Sir, I scorn 't. ——

Leven] —— But pray what drove you here?

Ashb.] Sir, conscious of no Crime, I have no fear.

Leven] Here Guards! go take the Prisoner away.

Ashb.] But Pow'r my Innocence shall not betray.

Leven] From whence? ——

Ashb.] —— I came from *Oxford* in disguise

Leven] And is the City taken by surprize?

Ashb.] With Limbs of mangled Lords my way was strow'd,
And floods of Blood the fields had overflow'd!
OXFORD
That Monument of Loyaltie withstands,
And does not yield to *Covenanted* Bands.

Leven] But to surrender, could no terms oblige,
When they endur'd a closs laborious Siege?

Ashb.] In vain the Camp, the City may bravade,
By battering Rams, by Bombs, or by Scalade.
In vain the Prize of Honour there dispute,
Tho hard be leagured, still it holds it out.

Leven] In the attempt at last they will succeed.

Ashb.] When famisht Mothers on their Babes shall feed.

Leven] Why such Extremity? what do'st avail?
The Army for some time do not prevail.
What mean'st, that haughtie CHARLES does not yield,
Now when so oft he's beaten from the Field?
Or is my mightie Army in his view,
It dare a Puny *Camp volant* pursue,
Or Cities in despair blockt up, what can they do?

Ashb.] Your force the bloody Quarrel may umpire;
But to what end do your Designs aspire?
What by this hasty March do you intend?

Leven] In that my Judgment, Sir, I must suspend.
My words and deeds shall never interfeir:
It's to establish Peace that I came here.

Ashb.] We'll grant what you in reason can demand,
And treat for Peace, but with my Sword in hand.

Hoping,

Hoping, that for the work you'll interpose,
To you the hidden Secret I'll disclose:
------ The *King* is in your Camp.
Leven] In my Camp? Is't possible!
[*The* King *enters, and* Leven *falls down on his knees.*
Leven] All haill!
I'm with this sight of Majesty surpriz'd;
Is this my real *King*, or one disguis'd?
King] Whilst doubts, and hopes of you, my thoughts involve
I'd once, ------
The Riddle of your Loyalty resolve,
If you a Man of Honour be, I'll try;
Choice, not Necessity, makes me rely.
The Prize, for which these strenuous Arms have fought,
Lo, lo, unconquer'd to your pow'r is brought.
Leven] Upon my Honour, if I should say more,
By that Alleigance, to my *Prince* I swore,
By all that's Sacred, *&c.*
King] O never, never forfeit my Esteem;
Your King and Country now you may redeem.
Leven] Once more may this your *British* World rebel,
That I may have the fame such foes to quell.
King] Make this last Act of Honour, only show'n,
And in oblivion all Suspicion drown.
[Leven *draws his Sword, and holds it by the point.*
Leven] Dread Soveraign! this my conquering Sword receive,
Did many thousands kill, and many save.
Tho' with it all these Trophies I had worn,
Which *Rome*'s fam'd Capitol did once adorn:
They're none of mine ------
King] Brave Warriour, take what you did resign,
Praise shall be yours, and the Advantage mine:
I thank you for that offer! In a word,
May never such a Man, want such a Sword.

Wisely

Wisely the daring Weapon but imploy,
That all of us may Right and Peace enjoy.

Leven] All Interests may be fully heard and weigh'd,
Force shall be us'd where Reason is deny'd.
Captain,
No point of Dutie to our Prince neglect,
For him a Royal Pavilion erect:
Let all the Pomp and Splendour him array,
Which this triumphant Army can display.

But on the peril of your head, Sir, know, [*Whispering.*
If he attempt, you must not let him go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*The* King *and Doctor* Hammond *in a Tent.*

King] More, more, involv'd in Labyrinths of State
Ham.] With you as Men of Honour did they treat?
King] Unhappy hour I came in *Leven*'s hands,
I fear he's lockt me up in Golden bands.
Ham.] Why headlong in his pow'r your self ye thrust?
King] He plighted Honour e're I gave him trust.
Ham.] Honour! that jugling word he would imploy;
So Pirats with their different Flags decoy.

Enter Mr. *Alexander Henderson.*

Ham.] Why you Religious Sacred Rites prophane?
Hend.] With *Romish* Pomp their Puritie ye stain;
And why on us such gaudie Rites impose?
Ham.] We did perswade, but you refus'd to close:
Your armed Missionaries, which is worse,
Compell to what's unlawful by a force.
Hend.] When Men with what's Heav'ns will, have not complyd,
Force must be us'd, where Reason is deny'd:
For this we did in *Covenant* engage.
Ham.] Yes Sir, that's now the *Shiboleth* of th'age;
O fatal, fatal, inauspicious time!
Where nought but success justifies the Crime.

Hend.]

Let's see how Heav'n its will reveal'd to you.
Hend.] If you but be convinc'd I'll clearly shew.
Ham.] Why falshood by that Sacred Name aver?
Shew us the Sign, for Heav'n can never err.
Hend.] Succes it self may all your doubts remove;
Did ever Heav'n what was unjust approve?
Ham.] If what succeeds be always deem'd the best,
Then Truth and Justice never were oppress.
King] My mind such strange perplexities involv'd,
Here *Henderson* from you, I'd be resolv'd:
I'm strongly bound, and yet I think I'm free;
You *Leven*'s mind may know, but what think ye?
Hend.] May your exalted mind but bow
Our holy *Covenant* subscrive and vow!
If you, or yours, will happy be, it must be now.
King] But what I fear, with him do you complot.
Ham.] The Man may propheſie without a Gift.
King] Against that League my Soul such strugling finds;
Conscience may err, undoubtedly it binds.
Hend.] Prelats, Great Prince, your Conscience have misled:
Who in their Priestly Vestments richly cled,
Puft up with haughty unbeseeming Pride,
Usurpt the Pow'r of an unerring Guide;
O! take the COVENANT, or you're undone;
They'll, to support themselves, pull down your Throne.
King] E're you of Errors tax the Present State,
Ideas of more perfect first beget;
And of the *System*, how can I allow
Against my Right, my Conscience, and my Vow?
Hend.] It's true, Great Sir, Just Heav'n has thought it fit
This great Reforming Pow'r to Kings commit;
But yet when these tenaciously refuse,
The People by themselves the means may chuse:
Princes by State, not by Religion move;
What seems more safe, not what is best approve.

And

And when their helping Hand cannot be had
To the great End, that leſſer Mean muſt cede.

King] This *Babel*, on my Ruines will you rear,
O tell me by what Compaſs ſhall I ſteer!
On Truth, that ſureſt Support I'll rely,
'Gainſt that my Conſcious Soul ſhall never ſway.

Hend.] O Good, O Good, but ſtill deluded Prince,
Will nought of Fatal Errors you Convince.
The Holy *Covenant* Subſcribe, and Vow
Forſake, and then pull down that Myter'd Crew;
Theſe Fawning Prieſts, to ſave themſelves, will ruine you.

Ham.] That wicked Bond how can you ſtill impoſe,
When Sophiſms fail'd by rude Rebellious Blows.
Rebellion, Murder, Robery, Sacriledge,
Perjury, more Guilt, ſhall I alledge,
Ill Words within no certain Limits fall,
Thouſands of Crimes by Name I cannot call,
Speak but the *Covenant*, that mentions all.

Hend.] No marvel that in your fallacious Glaſs,
Main Duties, for the greateſt Crimes do paſs.

Ham.] And were the wreſted Royal Stamp put on,
The Mettal ſtill is baſe for all you've done.
Here wou'd you overturn the Goodly Frame.

Hend.] It ſhould be as our *Scottiſh* on the ſame.

King] I thought that Act of Grace procur'd Content,
But of the fatal Error I Repent.

Ham.] The more our Sacred Functions he oppoſe,
The more he thinks to gain, the leſs we loſe,
Of uncontrol'd Antiquity ſo proud,
And has the ſhock of Time and Fate withſtood,
Awes the aſpiring Prieſt and factious Crowd.

Hend.] So *Pagans*, *Jews*, and *Papiſts* Argument,
When all their other Reaſoning is ſpent;
Againſt the darting Light he ſhuts his eye,
That Time's, Truth's certain Standard, I deny.
O ſhame! that for a Proof it ſhould be told,
What better is an Error, that it's old.

Ham.] Againſt the Function will you wrangle ſtill,
When for the ſame, Heaven had reveal'd its Will;
Succeſſion in the Chair, as by a Clue,
Down from the unerring Word you'll clearly view,
Rebells to *Ordination* but withdrew.
But in the Proof your Argument is lame,
By that ſame Rule I Parity acclaim,
For Texts compar'd, *Identify* the Name.

Ham.] Clearly the Text decides the Doubt; for why
The very Name the Office does imply.
And Characters of Superiority
That certain Truth, from various Gloſſes draw;
For Practice is th' Interpreter of Law.

Hend.] The *Word* without a Storie ſolves the *Doubt*,
With you I'd only by that Rule Diſpute;
And think you, is my *Ordination* void?
Then all reformed Paſtors are Uſurpers. ------

Ham.] With them I'm not concern'd, but you may know,
What Poſſeſſors to doubtful Titles owe.

King] What ſtrange Ambition blows this dang'rous Fire,
When *Presbyters*, above their Claſs aſpire;
Confuſion, *here*, by me ſhall never riſe,
Tho' I'm Unfortunate, I wou'd be Wiſe.

[*Enter Sir* Henry Vane, *General* Leven, *a Skreen is drawn in the Tent, the King ſtands at the back of the Skreen.*

Vane] That unexpected News I had from you,
The *Engliſh* Senate's Courage did renew.

Leven] Yes, *Heaven* the Golden Time put in my hands.

Vane] Improve't, for Peace to theſe divided Lands:
Give me the Perſon of the *Britiſh* King.

Leven] That unexpected ſuit my Soul does ſting,
I deeply Swore, and did my Honour plight,
I'll give a Signal, let him take his flight.

Vane.

Vane] Ah no, the *Covenant*'s Religious end
May on the Perſon of the King depend,
And in maintaining it, we'll him defend.
Leven] A ſtrange Remorſe within my ſelf I feel,
That breach of Honour racks me on the Wheel.
Vane] About the Buſineſs no longer Jarr,
Are you reſolv'd, yet to prolong the War?
Leven] But if I ſhould deliver, where's your Right?
Vane] Detain, detain, and then all *England* Fight?
Leven] He's King of *Scotland* too, here is my Point,
Then to diſpoſe of him, our Power is Joint.
Vane] But ſince the Perſonage cannot divide,
Have him we muſt, for we're the ſtronger ſide.
Of my Credentials, *Leven*, do ye doubt?
Should Mercenary Souldiers diſpute?
Leven] This Sword, like *Moſes* Rod, where ere I drew,
Did mighty Signs and Wonders in your view;
Lawrels and all the Trophies Conqueſt yields,
And dear bought Glory, with my Blood, in Fields;
Where ever I theſe Valiant Warriors draw,
With them I've kept the *Britiſh* World in awe:
However you my brave Atchivements rate,
This Arm, of bleeding Kingdoms, chang'd the Fate.
Vane] Againſt our Foes you bravely did engage,
Puſht on with Fury, cruſht them in a rage;
What Valour gain'd, let's ſee your Conduct grace,
Let Spoils of War be Ornaments of Peace.
Your pains deſerves Reward, and we,
To whom it did redound
Will pay you; for a Sum agree,
Whiſpering.
Two Hundred Thouſand Pound.
[*The King draws off the Skreen and ruſhes in,* Vane *on his knees.*
Vane] O ſign, O ſign, the Propoſitions Sign!
Leven] And ſtill more high, ſtill more illuſtrious Shine.

King] What if I do not? ——
Vane] ----O do not refuse,
Or *Hollnby* for your Residence you'll chuse.
King] Why not *Whitehall*? ——
Vane] ----O do not ask my Why;
The Senate orders, and I must obey.

[*The King turning him about to* Leven.

King] I heard you *Leven* whispering afar,
Why am I held? No Prisoner of War.
O the accursed charming Power of Gold:
And think you *Leven*, will that Bargain hold
What they have bought, Sit you as falsly sold.
O Heavens? how False!
What blacker Titles to your Name belong,
I swell, I swell with this Inglorious wrong.

Leven *on his Knees*]

O sign, O sign, the Propositions Sign.
King] Tho I were free yet Honour does decline.
Leven] I cannot then divert the Course of Fate:
Do it, sometime the rigour may abate.
King] Not all these massie Sheckles you can tye,
Shall make me grant, what *Honour* should deny.
May I to *Scotland* go, and there remain?
Leven] I cannot Answer, so ye ask in vain.
O Prince why do ye me accuse of Guilt,
I do't least more of *British* Blood be spilt.
Malign me as ye will, I justly plead
These good Conditions, for your Safety made.
King] Why Crimes, on Crimes by specious Fraud ye heap?
The Snare's already laid, can I escape?
Those who in Battels did my life pursue,
When Captive and Disarm'd, what will they do?
Now Pistol, Poison, Dagger may effect,
What the blind Chance of War seem'd to neglect.
Perfidious without a parallel,
Once more this basest Treachery repeal.

Leven]

Leven] I beg once more, *the Propositions sign*,
Brand me not with Dishonour, or a Crime;
For lo, they're calculated for the Time!
King] I'll hear no more of these your wild Demands;
Un-King my self, with these constrained Hands;
Should what's unlawful tie a Man in Bands,
Nor Fear, nor Force, shall ever make me close,
Let me but set in Glory, as I rose.
O *Leven*, *Leven!*
Leven] I must be gone and leave you in their Power;
From Violence, you'll ever be secure:
Let not nice Scruples still abuse your Sight;
Think on your own and Royal Issue's Right.
King] Me, all these Stories never shall deter,
I'd Death to an inglorious Life prefer.
To your eternal Shame it will redound;
My warlike Arms, with shameful Cords are bound,
And Foes, set for my Guard, may give the mortal Wound.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter OLIVER CROMWEL, *General* FAIRFAX, *and Sir* HENRY VANE. *A Chamber.*

Cromwel] I Lately heard a Rampant Lion roar,
Aloft in Clouds, I saw an Eagle soar:
A Pilot! in the Storm to be athoar.
Vane] The Lion 's chain'd, the Eagle's Wings are clipt,
The Pilot now of all his Power is stript.
Crom.] *Atlas*! who Heavens on his Shoulders bore?
Fairfax] Under the Load, his Fate he may deplore:
The sinking Weight oppresses more and more.

Crom.] What,

Crom.] What! and was the VVorld lately in a Blaze?
Fair.] I mournful, on that Conflagration gaze.
Crom.] Pray Sir, was the laſt Judgment come? or what?
At Helm, would *Phaeton* again have ſat?
Do ye, the ſubterraneous Caverns know?
Up Bellows-like, did hidden Sparkles blow?
Or yet, from Bodies juſtling in Career,
Could this ſtupendous ſpreading Flame appear?
Fair.] I to *Colliſion* do the ſame aſcrive:
Crom.] And was the VVorld on Fire? and we alive!
Vane] The Flames, within theſe floating Iſles were pent,
The Blaze, its *L*ight thro all the VVorld has ſent.
Crom.] Be the Incendiarie what it will,
So many Hands might ſoon its Fury ſtill.
Fair.] VVe, by theſe Hands can no Advantage draw,
I th' *Epilepſie Epidemick* ſaw.
All proffer'd Aid; but that was but a *S*ham:
Behold the *P*lunder's Fewel to the Flame.
Crom.] In the juſt Pomp and Grandeur of my *S*tate,
Invironed, I ſcorn a Retreat.
And theſe fantaſtick Flames do noways dread.
Fair.] So *Nero*, *Rome* his ſporting Bonfire made:
All hail! brave *Nero*! who ſhould thee decry?
Thy noble Ends, thy cruel Deeds outvy:
In you, that Fact did generous appear:
VVho yet more dazling would the *S*tructure rear,
Whilſt we, as if it ſhould not be our Care,
Nor build a New, nor yet the Old repair.
Vane] Come, let's the *S*ubject-Matter re-aſſume,
And once decide the *Britiſh* VVorld's laſt Doom.
To what will our cloſe Reſolutions bend?
Muſt we, our Blood and Reſolution ſtill expend?
And yet the fatal Diſpute will not end.
Juſtling Pilot's Commands and Countermands,
In Storm may ſet a working all the Hands;
And ſo the VVeather-beaten Veſſel ſtrands.

Reaſon

Reaſon at firſt could not our Paſſion bound:
Is yet the Source of this Diſtemper found?
You've letten Blood; will you bind up the VVound?
Fair.] VVhat Oracle ſhall this grand Doubt reſolve!
Here Events, in a Circle me involve.
From Arguments by Arms, the Work I ply'd,
Fatigu'd with Arms, Reaſon may be try'd;
On this Hand, Duty; on that, Safety move:
Now which of theſe, your Counſels will approve?
Tho' haughty *Charles* be beaten from the Field,
We ſtill demand, and ſtill he does not yield.
Shall Juſtice or the Sword, this Cauſe decide?
Of both our Suits, can Reaſon be the Guide?
I'd once theſe Flames of Civil Diſcord quench,
Not by the Lawrel, but the Olive-Branch.
Crom.] I'll act like Conqueror edg'd with Revenge,
And with my Succeſs, Terms of Treating change.
Vane] Whether by Acts or Arms ye will purſue
The frightful *Hydra*, State's ſtill in my View;
Herculean Labours could not yet ſubdue.
Crom.] But why, will you my ſharper Sight abuſe?
Let but Neceſſity plead an Excuſe.
Can my Allegiance, in the ſtricteſt Senſe,
Preclude that innate Law of Self-Defence?
Will Kings, 'gainſt us a drawn Sword imploy?
And what they ſhould preſerve, fight to deſtroy?
VVherefore I will this Victory improve,
All after-Fears of Tyranny remove.
Fair.] Strange Victory! which when we will purſue,
Does Conquerors and Conquered ſubdue.
Crom.] I bled, I peccant Humours purg'd, will more
Art but preſcribe, this Body to reſtore;
The Patient from a Relapſe I'll enſure,
Tho Demembration ſhould perfect the Cure.
Fair.] Firſt the Diſtempers riſe, and growth ſurvey,
E'er you a further Remedy apply.

Crom.]

Crom.] I know, and muſt this Regal Power amend,
If not annul; yet for ſome time ſuſpend.
Fair.] Power that ſweet Morſel, tell me where it's lodg'd;
How ſhall that grand perplexing Doubt be judg'd?
From this ſprung up the fatal Diſcontent,
When we to ſolve that Queſtion under-went;
Whilſt Freedom and Prerogative do ſtretch,
They crack the String, and wider make the Breach.
Vane]. And for new Broils there's ſtill a fair Pretence:
The ſupreme Power is hov'ring in Suſpenſe,
Since in the Brunt of War Peace was the Butt,
Your entire Conqueſts, *Janus* Temple ſhut:
If ſmother'd Sparkles yet Eruption make,
As Fire, by Fire, the Flame may quickly take.
Crom.] But the great Counſel of the Nation found,
That Crown and Croſier ſhould their Office bound;
And juſtly gave them both the mortal Wound.
Yes, with Prerogative I gently bore
Till it above its proper Sphere did ſoar:
And what Expedient could prevent this Doom;
The Head another Body did aſſume.
As we of Kings, of us they ſtand in need,
Power uncontroull'd needs an unerring Head,
When Power and Arms will their Fate diſpenſe,
They in that Hurly-burly *Law* ſilence:
For are not they the watchful Eyes and Hands,
Of thoſe ſo powerful, tho' divided *Lands*?
You ſee when Kings their blinded Wills purſue,
I can their puny ſtragling Force ſubdue.
Fair.] But I have felt, a King's enraged Power
Is not ſo very eaſy to conjure.
Crom.] Since I have don't, hereafter Kings will know
What due Regard to *Parliaments* they owe.
Fair.] And this ſad Juncture, *Parliaments* may teach
Not to diſcord with Kings for every Stretch.

Vane] You

Van.] You see, the Grand Supporting Pillar bow,
And almost after 't, the whole Machine drew.
It seems in vain, you fastned on the Chain,
From him thereby you no Conditions gain.
This gloomy Aspect of Affairs, but trace
The Victory's uncertain as the Peace.
As Insurrections briskly may alarm
Yea, Troops for this same Cause, afresh may arm,
To aw thee People under discontent,
Some Project of Governing you'l invent.
Crom.] I'll that imbold'ned Insolence Chastise,
For Agents with the People may practise,
Our mighty Army, fickle as the Wind,
Now know not where they shall their Safety find.
Pay, and Redress of Grievances demand,
Humbly Petition, but with Sword in hand.
For if the King should Re-assume His Power,
Pray, then! What Warrand can their Lives secure
And tho a large Indemnity were past,
Had from a Captive King, it might not last.
Still with *Remonstrances* the *House* dismay
They rais'd that mighty power, they cannot lay,
Van.] *Religion* in these Broils must take its part,
For this new Mould resembles *Jona*'s Ship.
What our Affections closly should Cement.
Is made the badge of all this Discontent.
Vane] I saw abuses quickly creeping in,
Which to prevent I did relax the Pin.
A Kings example may mantain a cause,
Mine can but few, his many Thousands draws.
Fair.] Forcing of Conscience, Union withdrew,
Would ye so many Heresies allow.
Vane] May such distractions to a peace adjure,
In this Confusion you possess the power.
Crom.] Nor soaring Hopes, nor languishing desires,
The Rackets be, of these untimely fires.

No Argument, from Practice ſhould be drawn,
When Reformation is but in its Dawn.
Power ſtrugling 'gainſt this new moulded State,
Did my beſt Projects for ſometime defeat.
When unexpected Actors mount the Stage,
Time, Averſation gently muſt aſſwage.
Fair.] The King from wicked Counſel is reſcu'd.
Vane] And all the Cavaliers are quite ſubdu'd;
The King diſarm'd is in your Hands: What next?
Fair.] That twinkling wandring Star may yet be fix'd;
It's but Eclips'd.---------
Vane] -----Leſt quite away it ſhrink,
I'll interpoſing Clouds diſpel.-----
Fair.] -----But think!
Can't in its Native Splendour yet ariſe:
Vane] Above its Sphere it ſoars, and does deſpiſe
Thoſe Emanations ſhould be its Supplies.
Fair.] Then with this captive King, what will you do?
Vane] I'd gladly hear what is advis'd by you.
Fair.] With all your Manifeſto's, Acts, and Vows,
You more, and more the prying World abuſe.
Now the deſired Succeſs you attain'd;
And ſo you ſwore; but otherways you mean'd.
Vane] I, what is for the Juncture fit, propoſe;
But on theſe Terms, with me he would not cloſe.
Fair.] Will you re-ſettle a well-grounded Peace
Firſt from Captivity, the King releaſe.
Crom. To all Propoſals, firſt he ſhould aſſent;
Or then I'll ſtill continue the Reſtraint,
A ſplendid Receſs from the Regal Toil,
Leſt Power abus'd, us of due Safety ſpoil.
Fair.] Regard the *Covenant*'s Religious End:
By it we ſwore, his Perſon to defend.
Crom.] Over the Sacred Perſon of our Head,
I, no Coercive Power in Law do plead:
Self-Preſervation juſtifies the Deed.

The Cavaliers may rally yet again,
He on that yielding Reed of Support, lean.
I know, that Idolized Name of King,
Yet, many Thouſands to the Field can bring:
Power may, (with ſuch a fair Pretence but cled,)
Our Tragedy re-act, more Blood yet ſhed:
Reaſons and Myſteries of State do move
To hinder greater Crimes, ſome to approve.
Vane] To ſhun the Wrack of this apparent Storm,
I did advis'dly *Propoſitions* form.
Fair.] He hurried with Misfortune's fatal Swing,
With Hands conſtrained, will needs himſelf un-King.
Vane] Since all the cautious Fore-Sight of the Houſe,
Yet could, no other Remedy induce.
On what they did, Kings, their Contempt might pour;
But Hands bound up, from after-Fears ſecure.
Fair. If I my Right prejudge, when thus confin'd,
Will ſuch extorted Obligations bind?
Vane] They had that common Scruple ſtill in View;
And therefore I, the Cord the faſter drew.
Crom.] By *Meſſages* he plyes: But here's the Snake,
That once Redintegrat, all Terms he'll break,
Nothing can yield me Safety, or Content,
But that Conceſſions after-Fears prevent.
His Name abus'd by theſe malignant Swarms,
Might make that Conqueſt, was reſign'd on Terms.
We are not what we were; ſo in the Caſe,
Let Right of Conqueſt take it's proper Place.
When Conquered, refuſing Terms, do worſe;
It's but a legal neceſſary Force.

[*Exit* Oliver.

Vane] The Flames, in their own Rubbiſh ſmother'd lye;
Fair. But would be guarded with a watchful Eye:
You've been like Men a groping in the Dark;
Vane] A roving Arrow ſeldom hits the Mark.

Fair.] Even from the pompous preſence of a King,
Mutual returns of Duty yet may ſpring.
Were *Palinurus* hand, but at the Helm.
Van.] Then waves and billows ſhall not overwhelm.
Fair.] Propitious Stars their influence ingage,
Caſtor and *Pollux* kything did preſage.
The Storm will now decline, and Lo, and lo,
I by the ſudden Calm the danger know.
Bring Him in Royal Pomp, go brake the Chain,
Wherewith He's never to be bound again.

Exeunt.

[*The King*, *Dr.* Hammond.
A Priſon.

King] Tho from the Race of *Albions* Gods I ſprung,
Out of my hands behold the Scepter's wrung.
What e're by Right or Birth, I may acclaim,
I'm now the ſhadow of a mighty Name,
And Melancholie in theſe chains Regrate,
My Snbjects Fury, and my rigid Fate.
Ham.] You ſee what Oaths, and Acts and Arms pretend;
Conſpire to Ruine, whilſt they ſhould Defend.
King] The Fire-brands of the State, have blown the Coal,
Themſelves Enſlave, yet Liberty Extol.
Some Drunk and Giddie with the Royal ſpoils,
To hold them faſt, afreſh foment the broils.
Ham.] So Men when once they wander from the road,
With certain danger every ſtep have trode.
Invock the Gods in immenent diſtreſs,
One may relieve, another may oppreſs.
And for *Bellona*'s Impropitious Fate,
Upon ſome kinder Dietie we'll wait.
Æneas tho by angry *Juno* Croſt.
At laſt arriv'd upon old *Latium*'s Coaſt.
King] No, no, I'm hurled from the Helm of State,
And ſeem as mean, as ever I was Great,

Ham.

Ham.] Your Priſtine Glory Fate may yet reſtore,
As after Clouds diſpel'd light dazleth more.
King] Talk not of that to me, I'm diſcord all,
Broke by my own, that triumph in my fall.
[*Enter* Jack Aſhburnham.
King] What News?
Aſhb.] Sir, all your Army's quit the Field,
And here your Forts diſmantle, there they yield.
King] Leaſt *Britain* on its funeral Pile ſhould burn,
Or to its primeve Chaos might return,
I that for this new *Treatie* had ordain'd.
Aſh.] It ſhould not bind, becauſe you were conſtrain'd.
Ham.] VVhat's the Religion of the *Hidra* State.
Aſhb.] Indeed they fiercely on that Point debate,
I ſaw the Seed of *Aaron there* oppreſt,
And Prieſts, like *Jeroboam's* courſly dreſt,
As Plague of Locuſts overſpread the Land,
And worſhip'd with unhallowed heart and hand.
Enthuſiaſm Learning did ſupply,
And as in *Jona's* Ship, each on his God did cry.
King] What of the Meſſage lately I did ſend,
Aſhb.] About the ſame they hotly did contend,
And ſucceſſively nights and days did ſpend.
As I thro' *London* paſſed in diſguiſe,
I ſurely learn'd with joy and ſurpriſe,
At laſt your Senate had knock't off the Chain.
King] But furious Weapons naked Votes diſdain;
Too long by Jarrs their Intereſt have withſtood,
They paſs'd a Vote, and cannot make it good.
Hear'd you how *Cromwel* to theſe Votes inclin'd.
Aſhb.] No ſignal of Reluctance I could find.
King] From him proceed all my diſtruſt and fears,
Who *Proteus* like, in every ſhape appears.
The Cauſe's farr remote, and hidden, ly
beyond the reach of vulgar Reaſon's eye.
The Juſtice of my Cauſe, that Vote does crave,
I fear it is beyond their power to ſave.

And where's my helpleſs Queen and Children gone?

Aſhb.] She throw ſulphurious Miſts had *Calais* won,
At her from *Dover* thundring Cannon play'd,
Courage and Beauty all their Force betray'd.

King] Know you what had become of *Charles* my Son,
That blooming Hope, of my declining Throne?

Aſhb.] Thro' Wilds, thro' Forreſts, and thro' ſhadie Groves,
Like to ſome wandring *Trojan* Prince, he roves,
Unknown he lives, if he be yet alive;
Lurking, till time the Juncture may retrieve.
And of your Children no account I found;
They're under Safety's Name, in Fetters bound.

King] And of all Comforts muſt I be bereft?
Like to a frightful walking Grave I'm left,
Joy of my Life, and partner of my Cares,
For her, to me the doubled Rack appears.

Ham.] O why? O why? would you your Fate ſuborn,
Prickles as well as Jewels, may Crowns adorn,
What's baſely done, muſt ſtill be Princely born.
Why at your Fate ſo peeviſhly repine,
With *Love*, you may in Pomp and Honour ſhine.

King] What's Hope, or yet fruition of a Crown?
Which fires Ambition, and but gilds Renown.
What wretched *Things*, muſt Fame and Empire be?
My only Pleaſure's loſt, quite loſt to me.
Love doth my Sorrows in theſe Chains beguile,
Love, Love, all Reaſon's banks doth overboil;
For Love, my Soul ſuch agonies endures,
Give me but Vertue's Mirrour for ſome hours,
And all the Pageantry of State be yours.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter General FAIRFAX, OLIVER CROMWEL, HENRY IRETON, THOMAS HARRISON, *and* HUGH PETERS *a Minister.*

A Room hung with Lamps.

Enter Hugh Peters *Canting.*

1.

NOw the Lords, and the Levites, and the Lawyers go down,
The Liturgy, Croſier, Scepter, and Crown.
The Lightning will glance e're the Thunder annoy;
Let the Saints ſhout for joy, let the Saints ſhout for joy.

2.

When Heaven in its hotteſt diſpleaſure did rebuke,
The Duſt that was guilded, did tremble at a Look.
Prond Nobles its Fury in Fetters did find;
Yea Kings of the Earth in ſheckles did bind,
And never to be loos'd, in ſheckles did bind.

Crom.] Now Gentlemen, I hope you all have heard
The Courſe our *Parliament* had lately ſteer'd;
Lo now, they'll *Charles* re-admit to Reign,
That unexpected Vote my Soul did ſting.
Deall they with us as Souldiers or Fools?
Or Pedant Maſters with their Boyes at Schools,
Who towring on their Rules, their Schollars daſh,
For the leaſt Fault, do threaten with a laſh:
By Trophies, Blood, and Wounds, what have you got,
If Racks and Halters, Gibbets be your lot?

Ireton] With him whom you defeat, they'd now combine,
And ſo unite, us ruine and disjoine.

Yea

Yea which an *Engliſh* Heroe ſhould Diſmay,
Yet unaſſur'd of Fortunes, Lives, or Pay.
H. Peters] I'm vex'd in Soul, for yet the Cauſe of GOD
Is not advanc'd, but underfoot is trode;
And therefore I your humble ſervant move,
You'll to remeed ſuch Ills, this time improve.
Harr.] Juſtling *Ideas* of this Juncture vex,
That hard *Dilemma* doth my VVits perplex;
I fear we muſt Divide or then Disband,
Or diſobey the *Parliament*'s Command.
Once but diſarm, they'll catch the naked Prey;
I'm Traitor deem'd if I but diſobey.
Crom.] Yes *Harriſon*, he's truely hit the Point,
Our danger and our ſafety now are Joint.
Since all that can be dear's at the laſt ſtake,
Reſolve to yield, or then this Treaty break.
Fair.] I armed for their Quarrel and Command,
By that ſame Order ſhould I not disband;
Should their juſt Right unto the Sword give way,
Power muſt not climb, where Dutie bids it ſtay.
Crom.] If we be Mercenaries and no more,
We ſhould the Sword to them who gav't, reſtore.
VVhy? to themſelves of all ingroſs the ſwey,
Are we not Free-born *Engliſhmen* as they.
And Gentlemen, I plainlie do averr,
As privat Men, ſo *Parliaments* may err.
Ireton] There, Votes themſelves in number onlie pride,
To right by Reaſon's Compaſs do not guide
Crom.] No longer my diſpleaſure I'll conceal,
I'll from this mungrel *Parliament* appeal;
And for the Peace of theſe diſtracted Lands,
Purſue theſe Meaſures GOD puts in my hands.
Ireton] If ought the Body collective do ply,
Dare they who repreſent the Suit deny,
Then ſuch a breach of Truſt will looſe the ty.

VVhy

Why, on this lawful Remedy demur?
Now Power, to its first Fountain does recur:
The more, by Treaties they the King apply,
More nearly, in our Safety, you should pry.
I find, they but cajol, that we'll partake
Of such Provisions for themselves, they make.

Fair.] But on such Terms, they with the King do close:
May we not that important Trust repose?

Crom.] Ah No! Ah No! Project you what you will;
Without a Pow'r to force, they'll not fulfil.
A Monarch once defeat, and then confin'd,
Seals up Revenge within his haughty Mind.
Nought can a King to his own Subjects bind:

H. Peters] Tho' Plies, by Hundreds should such Fetters make,
As *Samson* did his Cords, he such can break.
How can you, by these fatal sluggish Fears,
Thus tempt that *God* who for our Cause appears?

[*Exit* Hugh Peters.

Fair.] The *Senate*, to our Swords their *Being* owe;
Should they not, Measures for our *Safety* show?

Crom.] Let them, with their dead Letter of the Law,
The silly-blinded People over-awe:
And if with us, they'll need dispute the Cause,
Whilst I have Arms, I do not fear their Laws.

Har.] What? have I overcome! and do not know,
What Conquered, to Conquerours do owe?
And you, who in the Brunt like Ramparts stood,
From Conquest's Spoils, like Fools your selves exclude?
Brave Victory! and yet no Safety know,
But in the Shelter of the conquer'd Foe.

Fair.] If what we 've done, you could Rebellion call,
We and the *Senate* both, as Traitors fall:
But since th' Expedient for true Concord 's found,
Duty and Safety both Desires should bound.
Be not afraid of Change or Chance of Time,
When Powers conjoin'd, indemnify the Crime.

Har.] *Cromwel*, led forth by your All-conquering Hand?
What could the Succeſs of my Arms withſtand?
I, to your Conduct all the Glories owe,
Which, for my Spoils and Trophies current go.
Did not this bloody Sword, where e'er I drew,
Even to the Chaſe, the Cavaliers purſue!
And in the Flight, by Heaps, and Thouſands ſlew?
Even as for ſuch Heroick Deeds deſign'd,
Will ſcarce Belief, but Admiration find.
I'll ſtill your Souldier be; O, tell me now!
What Courſe, I in the Juncture ſhall purſue?
I know no other Law, but follow you.

Crom.] Againſt no armed Enemies, I fight;
Adviſe, what Meaſures ſhould maintain our Right.
They, by the King us ſtrangely over-awe;
By 's being in their Hands, Advantage draw.
And he, now toſs'd like Fortune's Tinnice-Ball,
Juſt as the Racket moves, does riſe and fall:
On any Terms would gladly be a *King*;
And tho' coop'd up, he's ſtill upon the Wing.
The *Parliament*, to magnify their Power,
This Titulary King, aim to ſecure:
All Wits at Work, the Armie to defeat,
And like an intermitting Pulſe, they beat.

Har.] Why they, in Maſſy Chains their King conſtrain,
That they, of him may their Conditions gain.
He call'd them for a Council by his Writ;
And 's forc'd as their Capricious VVills indite:
If that to them doth ſuch Advantage bring,
'Tis lawful too for us to ſeize the King:
And we'll with him, their Thunder-Bolts defy;
Perhaps he'll grant to us what they deny.

Iret.] And ſtill, a *King* can never be ſo mean,
But that his Name, a Party can maintain.

Fair.] In ſuch Attempts, I certain Danger ſee;
Therefore deliberate e'er you decree.

'Tis

'Tis brave! but execute againſt a Law,
May ſtir up Quarrels, many Hazards draw.
Iret.] Once Order give; let's ſee, who dare controul?
Power ſtrugling, not the *Law*, is now the Rule.
Crom.] By this firſt Step, we'll future Succeſs ſcan,
VVho'll give Command, and who ſhall be the Man?
Fair.] For Order's ſake, the VVarrant may be mine;
And I the ſame for *Harriſon* deſign.
Har.] Now, now, to Execution I'll proceed:
Sir, your Command does juſtify the Deed.

[*Exit* Harriſon.

Iret.] I know he's godly, valiant, and brave;
Quickly he goes when you the Signal gave.
Crom.] The General is cautious and juſt,
To ſuch a Man, committed ſuch a Truſt.

[*Exit General* Fairfax.

Re-enter Hugh Peters.

H. Peters] I ſaw huge Armies driving on the Plain,
Swift March, retarded by their heavy *Train*.
Earth groans beneath their Feet, the Hills around,
Flatt'ring the Noiſe, reſtore the dreadful Sound.
VVhen all run here and there, the furious Horſe
Beats o'er the trembling Fields, with nimble Force:
Straight dreadful Sparklings, from their Arms appear,
Fill with unuſual Light, the wondering Air:
For whilſt long-battl'd Lines were in Aray,
The frighted Hinds and Citizens gave way.

[*Whiſpering to* Cromwel.

Duke Hamilton *and* Langdale *are join'd.*

Crom.] 'Gainſt me dare theſe Malignants yet rebel?
That Royal Rout, with brandiſh'd Sword I'll quell,
And ſend them bellowing ſtraight Poſt to Hell.

[*Enter Duke of* Hamilton *at the other end of the Stage*; Cromwel *starts up, and meets him.*

D. *Ham.*] Nor Fear, from Danger, nor from Baſeneſs, Shame,
Nor Reaſon, you from Fury does reclaim:
For ſome portentous Crime, I'm ſure you 're born,
By Fortune ſav'd, to perpetrate are ſworn,
Why you, my Maſter in ſtrict Bonds detain
Now when the *Senate* had knock'd off the Chain.

Crom.] O'er Heaps of Carcaſſes, I rode in State;
With ſuch, my trackleſs Path of Glory beat;
And, of my faithful Service, I repent;
Nor King, nor Senate, gave me yet Content.

D. *Ham.*] O curs'd Ambition, raging Luſt of Pow'r!
Can Sacred Rights or Civil be ſecure,
When Wrong and Cruelty 're improv'd by Art,
And Rage is furniſh'd with a lawleſs Dart?

Crom.] Yet from Confuſion, Order ſhall appear;
I'll with this Hand, a nobler Syſtem rear;
Theſe, by themſelves perpetuat the Sway:
Juſtly their Being I diſown: For why,
How can I, Meaſures with ſuch Men adjuſt:
Who'll judge, if they have kept or broke their Truſt?
And to ſupport the Frame 's their anxious Care:
The Common-wealth is wrack't, I'll have my ſhare;
And firſt, the *Hydra*-State I'll fairly kill.

D. *Ham.*] A ſtrong Temptation to do bravely ill.
So your indulgent Mother you betray,
And thro' her Bowels, Spider-like make way;
Still baſely chooſe, ſuch Quarrels to purſue,
For which no Triumph could be juſtly due.
Once ſet my Maſter free; will nought perſwade?

Crom.] You ſeem to ſpeak as if you would Bravade.
Here if your *Grace* would Pow'r or Valour try,
I, on the Juſtice of my Cauſe rely:
When this Endeavour fails more ſtill contrive;
Curs'd by your Kirk at Home, you cannot thrive!

D. *Ham.*] All

D. *Ham.*] All Symptoms of a baſe ungrateful Mind,
So foul, that which is worſe is hard to find.
Triumphant Treaſon, yet no Thunder flies;
Faithleſs is Man, and faithleſs are the Skies:
May on their Head, their groundleſs Curſes fall:
Can I reſiſt Duty and Honour's Call?
I'll with my Sword, that Inſolence chaſtiſe:

Crom.] Let that decide the Quarrel when you pleaſe.

[*They both draw, and fight.*

Crom.] O truſty Weapon, which did never fail,
'Gainſt this Gigantick Son of Earth, prevail!

D. *Ham.*] O Kill, O kill, the monſtruous Traitor kill!
Were but my Strength unbounded as my Will!

Crom.] I think you fight as if you would recoil:

D. *Ham.*] No, my enraged Blood does over-boil.

Crom.] Render your Sword; one Thruſt will vanquiſh now.

D. *Ham.*] Until my Heart-ſtrings break, I will purſue.

Crom.] In vain, in vain you ſtrugle with your Fate;
You're Priſoner of War, my Guards do wait.

D. *Ham.*] Here run me thro', no longer let me live!
For why ſhould I, my Miſery ſurvive?

Crom.] No, yield, no, yield; the ſafer Part you'll chuſe:
I bravely conquer'd, I'll as bravely uſe.
Here Guards, Go, take your Priſoner away!

D. *Ham.*] Reſtraint, my Royal Cauſe ſhall not betray.

Crom.] Guards, hold him faſt, double the maſſy Chain!

D. *Ham.*] Yet at my Fate, I am not to repine.

Crom.] But for your Crimes, you're ſubject to the Laws.

D. *Ham.*] There is no Law that can decide my Cauſe:
I'm Priſoner of War, ſo would be treat
Honour and Law of Arms can never cheat:
Therefore reſpect my Quality and State.

Crom.] Should vanquiſh'd Priſoners Conditions make?
What Pity yields, Emergencies may break.
In vain, by State or Quality you plead:
Yes, for your Treaſon, you ſhall pay your Head.

D. *Ham.*

D. *Ham.*] Treaſon! for Duty, O unhappy time,
Can Succeſs juſtifie the fouleſt Crime?
I'm ſav'd to be capricious Fortunes ſcorn,
The Royal Cauſe by ſuffering to adorn;
And tho' I quite the Stage without applauſe,
Am poſting to deſtruction's very jaws,
No tribulation ſhall betray the Cauſe.
Wrapt up in my untainted Innocence, [*Aſide*
'Gainſt all misfortunes ſtroaks moſt ſure defence:
Racks, Torments, Death it ſelf, I can endure,
Thus fearleſs paſs away the fleeting hour.

[*He is carried off Priſoner.*

Re-enter Thomas Harriſon.

Crom.] Pray Sir, how did your Priſoner behave?

Harr.] His Countenance was ſomewhat ſtern and grave,
Tho under your Command this Sword I wear,
He'd for my warrant like a fool enquire,
And further ſaid, are ye to murder me?
No Sir, ſaid I, reſerved you ſhall be,
For JUSTICE BRIGHT EXAMPLE: You muſt wait,
Till time wind up the myſterie of Fate.

Crom.] The very aſpect of a King in ſome
Had ſtruck an aw, their courage overcome:
And was you not affraid?

Harr.] I forward on this Grand Atchivement went,
My fancy did no Bugbears repreſent:
I'm ſure no cauſe of fear was to be ſeen,
Unleſs that ſuch had in *Idea* been.
And well may I, a Prince's frown endure,
When ſtript of all his Royal Pomp and Power.

Crom.] Did in the People Diſcontent ariſe,
When you ſo briskly brought away the Prize?
Could you no grudge or grumbling perceive?

Harr.] When I in Triumph led my Royal Slave,
The manner by my Prudence was devis'd,
The Mobb with ſuch a ſight would be ſurpris'd:

Whilſt

Whilſt Drums and Trumpets did the noiſe reſound,
I with my Squadrons did his Coach ſurround;
So whilſt the Idol King himſelf would ſhew,
They'd in that Glorious Servitude him view,
Nor Grandeur from Captivity they knew.
At full Career we marcht along the Plain,
And in this Pomp he drag'd about his chain.
Crom.] You've bravely done! but how is he ſecur'd,
Since to that end you likewiſe were impowr'd?
Ireton.] If he eſcape, how will you be content?
That ſurely greater broils might yet foment.
Harr.] In's Palace, now his Priſon, up he's lockt,
From all diverting Intercourſe is blockt;
Yet at ſuch times, and ſuch as I think fit,
To viſit him I freely do admit:
I do't, to add to all his Diſcontent,
Inſtead of comfort, anguiſh will torment.
Let thoſe who've ſeen him ſeated on a Throne,
Behold him under all theſe fetters groan.
H. Pet.] He may recal his errors to his mind,
A meditation fit for one confin'd;
But that he will not do. ------
Crom.] ------ But rather chuſe
Himſelf with thoughts of Liberty to rouze.
Ireton] Whilſt with ſtrong conflicts ſafety we purſue,
Some Inſurrection may the work undo.
H. Pet.] Becauſe no calm this Seaſon can afford,
Throw the unskilful *Pilot* over board.
By Reaſon and Religion I could prove,
You wicked *Kings* ſhould from the World remove.
Ireton] Our Primæve Pow'r now let us re-aſſume;
H. Pet.] And of that chained Idol make the doom:
Whoe'er oppoſe this work, yet I'll be plain;
Without his Blood, you'll ſwim in Blood again.

Enter

[*Enter* John Bradshaw

Crom.] Welcome you Oracle of Law and Truth. ——

H. Peters] And in this Glorious *Sanhedrim* preside.

Ireton] This Court of your Abilities has need.

Brad.] The meaneſt Member for a Preſes chuſe;
My well known Zeal my weakneſs ſhould excuſe:
To viſit Earth *Aſtrea* once intends,
And in her Chariot from the Clouds deſcends.
Here, *here*, and only *here*, a Seat can find,
The Goddeſs knows the way, tho' ſhe be blind.
Me to aſſiſt I ſee her ready ſtand,
Holding the well-pois'd Ballance in her hand.

Crom.] Me Agonies of Soul, and pangs, and throws
Deeply affect, diſquiet my Repoſe;
With tears, believe me, trickling down my Eyes,
I Heav'n implor'd, and Heav'n does me adviſe.
After much wreſtling in Prayer with God,
My troubled Spirit muſt ſhake of the Load;
Yea, Heav'n its Will from me did nowiſe hide,
Thro' Seas of Blood the ſhattered Veſſel guide;
Or then this Tyrant muſt be laid aſide:
Pity and Juſtice now divide the ſtrife;
You cannot ſave your ſelves, without his Life.

Ireton] But how that ſhall be done let's firſt debate.

Harr.] Shall Piſtol, Poiſon, Dager, make his Fate?
For by Precedents I can make't appear,
Why ſhould we bogle, when the matter's clear?

Crom.] Things juſt, when execute againſt a Law,
May many Clamours, many hazards draw.
Such of us as are Members of the *Houſe*,
Juſtice it ſelf to Duty will induce:
I muſt with ſuch as are not on my ſide
Threaten, Allure, by Policy divide,
And that the People may be kept in aw,
Be ſure it have the colour of a Law.

Brad.]

Brad.] Juſtice, that moral univerſal tye
Aloud the People for the ſame do cry;
Some few, perhaps, miſled by fond eſteem
Wou'd Kings from Law and Puniſhment exeem;
Who in his Pride had trampled on the Laws,
Without Atturneys here ſhall plead his Cauſe.
H. Pet.] We're happy, that within theſe Walls you lodge;
At the *Laſt Day* the Saints the World ſhall judge.
Crom.] That ſtrong *Malignant* Partie in the *Houſe*
Did theſe the *King* reſtoring Votes produce.
And of their Priviledge it is no breach
Of Miſdemeanours, ſuch I can impeach.
Iret.] Juſtice will be deny'd----
Crom.] ---I'll be reveng'd
Iret.] The Tyrant, not the Tyrany, is chang'd.
Themſelves the ſupream Power they falſely call;
O then! We have no Remedy at all.
Har.] Here's Remedy, appeal unto our Power,
From their incroaching Laws, our Right ſecure.
My Souldiers moſt readily obey,
And fearleſs, to the boldeſt On-ſets fly.
That advantageous to our Cauſe may prove:
We like an undivided Body move.
Once ſhuffle them,
Crom.] Then I ſhall play the Game.
Firſt ſuch diſcard by Force, as I ſhall Name.
Har.] I'll do't; they's once be garbled to your mind;
The wretched remnant to your pleaſure bind.
Iret.] But of the People take this ſpecial care;
Their minds for this ſurprizing Change prepare.
Crom.] If my Advice be ſafe, I giv't in charge,
Former *Remonſtrances* ye do inlarge.
Crave Pay, Arears, Security, and next,
At Juſtice Bar *Delinquents* may be fixt.
The King amongſt the reſt, declaim 't aloud,
Should expiat his Treaſon by his Blood.

Your Souldiers the People ſhould excite,
And to ſuch joynt Petitions them invite.
From *Him*, the only Source, all miſchiefs flow,
And in a word, order the matter ſo:
This for the Peoples joynt deſire may current go.
H. Peters] So Mortals, when they act as Heav'n deſires,
God with ſucceſsful means and ways inſpires.
Hail mighty General, come lead on the Van,
They'll God-like Honours pay you man by man;
And whilſt the proſperous Gale doth fill your Sail,
Let not your Piety your Courage vail.
But ſince of both the Cauſe does ſtand in need,
You're call'd to this great work, O then proceed!
God's Cauſe, a Glorious Name, unſhaken Power
Courage may rouze, the Victory ſecure.
Crom.] Such Bladders bear me up in ſtorm and ſtream;
I unconcern'd through reeking Gore can ſwim.
Iret.] O *Bradſhaw*, Great's the truſt repos'd in you!
Brad.] I'll to th'intended purpoſe manage't too.
Crom.] Pray do: The garbled *Houſe* will think it fit,
The *Tryal* of the Cauſe to you commit:
Homage, to Reverend Judges due, acclaim;
Of JUSTICE-HIGH-COURT it ſhall bear the name;
And Sir, where you'll PRESIDE, let none your Conduct blame.
Brad.] The form's preſcrib'd, if I obſerve't, I'm ſure
I act but by a delegated Power. ------
Iret.] Our former ſtruglings ſhould not be forgot;
For ſtill I fear miſcarriage of the Plot.
You to the People by that Draught lay down:
A Power in no Eſtate themſelves did own,
And grant they had, it does not warrant you,
Till by expreſs conſent they do't allow.
Crom.] Tho ſome diſſent, yet we are ſtill ſecure,
The *Commons* are th'original of Power.
What theſe enact for Law, muſt be obey'd,
And to the work both Right and Force apply'd.

Enter

[*Enter* John Cook *holding a Paper.*

Brad.] Have ye drawn up that *Charge* againſt the KING?

Cook] Yes, *here* to be perus'd, I't ready bring.

Brad.] Since that muſt be the Rule by which you plead,
And we're to Judge, I order't to be read.

Cook] I CHARLES STUART in the *Commons* name accuſe;
Why He an Arbitrary Power did uſe,
And not the Lawful Limited would chuſe:
A King! who ſhould their Liberties defend,
Had Tribute pay'd him for that very end,
To Levy force, proud Banners to diſplay;
Yea, Subjects! Subjects! cauſe by thouſands ſlay:
Spoils, Rapines, Devaſtation we have felt;
And all the *Engliſh* Blood that has been ſpilt:
This CHARLES STUART I charge him with the Guilt.
Therefore, &c. And ſhall I read it out at large?

Harr.] No: blacken him, but compendize the Charge.

Cook] And next, the *Charge* by Witneſſes I'll prove;
That being done, the *Court* for Judgment move:
I'll prove, he Armies led with Sword in hand,
Did Men to fight, and burn, and ſlay command
At *Naſeby* Fields, *&c.* and many Places more,
Where the poor *Engliſh* waltered in their gore.

Iret.] What if the Juriſdiction he deny?

Crom.] Doubtleſs he will. --------

Cook] ------ But I to that reply,
By Law he muſt plead guilty, yea, or not,
Then that demurer's over-rul'd by vote.

Brad.] Ha, ha, the fundamental he'd ſubvert,
The *Court* its Juriſdiction will aſſert.

Iret.] May not the Soveraign Prince that name of dread,
Immunity from all Tribunals plead.

Brad. I Famous *Greece* and *Rome*'s Records perus'd;
The People the Chief Magiſtrate accus'd:
And if from *Scotland* you'd Examples draw,
Avowedly they puniſht Kings by Law.

H. Peters] When

H. Pet.] When Tyrants in their Pride with Heaven do claſh,
God does moſt juſtly ſuch in pieces daſh.

Bowing to the Caball.

All haill, all haill, by divine Wiſdom bleſt;
Did your Anceſtor's Tyranny reſiſt?
That Noble Blood yet ſparkles in your Veins,
And this moſt grievous Yoke of *Kings* diſdains:
Your Native Liberties ſecure.
O exerciſe your Juſtice and your Power;
I you by their immortal, free-born Souls adjure
Brad.] Religion does this bleeding State divide
Shall *Presbyter*, or *Independant* Pride
Which of the two, to this our Conſcience guide?
H. Pet.] Both Parties on the Plot did firſt agree:
Glorie! the Execution you'll decree,
And tho the one ſprang from the others Womb,
Yet of the Parent let's erect the Tomb.
Ere my Deſigns ſhall not effected be, [Cromwel *aſide.*
The *Britiſh* World ſhall tremble under me
I ſee it work: O! it goes bravely on,
And *Charles*'s Blood ſhall for his Crimes attone
Yes, yes, I will that *Parliament* chaſtiſe:
They bound the Victim; I will ſacrifice.
For by this Sword that's hanging by my ſide;
I'll ſteer the Helm, I'll once the Spoil divide.
By *Heavens*, and all that Mortals ſacred call
I'll write his *Mene Tekel* on the Wall.
Har.] Why ſhou'd vain Diſputs ſtill perplex your head,
Brad.] The well digeſted Plot ſhall now ſucceed
Cled in my Scarlet Robe, I'll proudly try,
All Fears and Threats, and Arguments defy.
Be ſure, that mock of Majeſty ſhall die
H. Pet.] Rejoice, rejoice; haſten the glorious Day
For which ſo many thouſand Saints do pray.

[*Exeunt omnes*

ACT IV.

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCE of WALES *leading her*, LADIES *of* HONOUR *attending*; *All in Diſguiſe.*

Queen] I Trembling, on this *Britiſh* Soil appear;
What ſpeaks my Courage, does increaſe my Fear:
When for my panting Soul, I ſeek Relief,
My Joys reviving aggravate my Grief.

Prince] Thro' Scouts and Guards, we've paſſed in Diſguiſe;
Now the moſt narrow Scrutinies deſpiſe:
For lo, kind Heaven, our joint Deſires has heard,
And from an Ambuſh, all the Paſſage clear'd!

Queen] Deſires and Fears in me divide the Strife:
I'd gladly ſee my Love, but ſave my Life.
Let me but ſee him, then I will forget,
Theſe Crowds of Dangers did my Way beſet.

Prince] And now my Hopes have former Fears out-done.
Are you his Conſort? am not I his Son?

[*A Screen is drawn, and the King comes out.*

King] What ſtrange deluding Specters theſe I ſee!
They move like real Bodies, nearer me.
Am I awoke, or in a Dream or Trance!
Shall I retire, or may I yet advance!

[*On his Knees.*

Prince] Great Sir, no Phantom does abuſe your Sight,
Wing'd with Deſire, we took this ſudden Flight:
Nor Fears, nor Dangers could withſtand our Way.
This, your afflicted *Queen*, nought could diſmay.

[*They ariſe. The King takes the Queen by the Hand.*

King] My Senſe and Reaſon ſeem to interfier,
Surpriz'd to ſee, that you adventur'd *here*.

Queen] I

Queen] I heard too oft, to what ye were redact;
That Malice blackeſt part was to be act;
And whilſt the Clouds were thickening apace,
One Sight might yet my drooping Life ſolace;
Nor Floods of Dangers could ſuppreſs my Flame;
Some yet remain, I others overcame.

King] And now my Senſe does all my Doubts remove:
Shall I admire your Courage, or your Love?

Queen] The Agonies, and Pangs, and Throws, I felt,
Known to your Foes, did not to Pity melt!
My high-born Soul, to one Demand, did bow,
You the only Object of my Love, to view.

King] They knew, that me, would more and more torment;
A new Engine of Cruelty, invent:
For theſe my Foes will needs my Doom reprieve,
And for more Tortures, keep me ſtill alive.
This your *Angelick* Preſence, they withdrew,
Whoſe Vertue, all Diſaſters can ſubdue;
And if I'd value Life, it is for you.

Queen] When as your Subjects did my Sute deny,
Rackt with Deſpair, I had reſolv'd to dy,
Yea by one Blow, all Miſeries defeat,
The only Cure adapted to my State:
A Dagger once was ready in my Hand;
Hopes of Relief, the Thruſt did countermand.

King] O Heavens forbid, that ſuch a fatal End,
Through ſuch Deſpair, our ſpotleſs Love attend!
The beſt Examples of that Fact, deceive;
It was not pious, tho it ſeemed brave.

Queen] When as the Horrour of the Fact did fright,
I pray'd, O Soul, unbody! take thy Flight!
In Vehicles of Air, thy ſelf convoy,
That thee, my lovely *Charles* may enjoy!
The laſting pure Delight ſhall never cloy!
Aſſum 't, the Airy Body may condenſe,
Converſe his Soul, and then affect his Senſe.

How

How pleasing and how welcome would thou be,
And let the *Phantom* but resemble me.

Prince] Such soarings, chains of flesh, and blood may clog:

Queen] I'd ty'd my Body to the floating log;
Without the Hatches, Cable, Sails, or Helm,
I'm not afraid, tho it should overwhelm:
Driven with the wind, through raging Oceans stray,
Where glareing Monsters bolt through waves away:
Nor one nor other me shou'd overthrown;
They'd pitied me, had they my errand known.
Perhaps some Gentle Gale might waft me o're
By Divine Wonder, on your *British* Shoar.
Thousands of thoughts my troubled Soul pursue,
And lo I'm *here*, and yet I know not how.

King] With Scouts and Guards, in Prison Walls immur'd,
And *there* what torments have I not endur'd?
Yet for this interview did hourly groan,
More than to be reseated on my Throne;
Now show'rs of arrows may 'bout my Temples play,
The sight of you their sharpness doth allay.

Queen] And *France* in all its gaudie Pomp and Pride,
The Place where in this Storm my self I hide.
France, *France!* whose Glory Monarchs envy drew,
My fretting languour ever doth renew:
Embitters all the Comforts of my life,
Where I'm at once your Widow and your Wife.

King] If Fate my Pristine Glory should restore,
And tho kind Heaven superadded more,
Than ever I or *Brittain* had before;
Yea all the Pomp and Splendour of the Glob,
My longing Soul of inward peace should rob.
Millions of Crowns at my Command and bow,
I'd lay them down, as Tribute of your Due.

Queen] And ill should I that Princely heart deserve,
If I from Laws of Love, or Duty swerve.

When

When I behold you, with these Fetters ty'd,
Judge, what, by my sad Mein, may be imply'd.
Weighted with Grief, I to Remembrance call
Our Glorious Pomp and Splendour at *Whitehall*.
Treasures in Plenty, floating on the Streams,
At every Tide, came flowing up the *Thames*;
And all the Pleasures of the Nuptial Knot
Born to Delight, were flutt'ring on the Spot,
Where thousand courteous Shees, about you move;
And by their Fate, were plyant made to Love.
Strong irresistless Charms, these did display.
Your very Thought, from me, could never stray.
O then, how happy I, who did enjoy,
Without a Rival, what could never cloy!
That Royal Soul, that Amiable Breast,
Pleasures, none but my self, did ever taste!
And then, as well as now, my Life did prove
Rapture and Transport of unbounded Love.

King] As precious Gems, a Diadem adorn,
The Rising Sun dispels the Shades of Morn.
And Stars, when they, in dazeling Splendour, rise,
Darting their Light, Beholders do surprize:
Or Angels, sublunary Glories ape;
And to be seen, assume a Female Shape:
Or *Goddesses*, before one *Goddess* fall,
Without a Contest, yield the *Golden-Ball*:
Or Art, or Nature's sublimated Pride,
In Heaven-like Grandeur, on the Earth to ride.
So you, even like to the *Meridian* Sun,
Shine bright, mount high, the more Approaches shun.
And O how happy I, who did adore
What Fellow-*Demi-Gods* durst not implore!
And in my strongest Conflicts, could lay down
Upon that Breast, the Prickles of a Crown!
For Extasies of Pleasure, Cares did drown.

Prince] Yet

Prince] Yet gently, gently, exceſs of the Grief
Obſtructs theſe Meaſures which afford Relief.
I have but ſeen and heard whilſt you did feel
What might melt down the Heart of hardeſt Steel.
Sir, whilſt the Shipwrack threatens to devour,
Without being ſunk, can you not ſwim aſhoar ?
King] Dangers and Snares compaſs me round about,
Vehement's the Storm, I cannot ride it out.
Prince] Even let the Veſſel with the Tempeſt drive.
King] In vain: No time the Juncture will retrive.
This maſſie Crown's too weighty for my head :
Behold my Sceptre's but a broken Reed.
Of my deſtruction now is ſpun the Web,
And all my Glorie's at its loweſt ebb.
Prince] Againſt the gods, the Giants wedged War.
King] In ſtrength they us have overpowr'd by far.
Prince] Tho they uſurp the Thunder, Stars, and Poles,
Heaven *Maſſanellos* for ſometime extols
King] See bandy'd Force againſt my *R*ight prevail,
And all the Supports of my Grandeur fail.
Tho underpropt, they can no longer laſt;
They totter and they nod at every blaſt
Terrors in various Shapes, 'gainſt me are bent,
As ſpecious Guile or Malice can invent.
Like *Syrens* charming to Deſtruction's Jaws,
Or *Parthian* Tigers with their gilded Claws.
Hydra with thouſand Serpents may be arm'd;
And yet at theſe I ſhall not be alarm'd.
Death I contemn in all its frightful Forms,
In brazen Bulls, in Scaffolds, Racks or Storms.
Rights of Religion and the Rights of Kings
Unto my earth-ſurmounting Soul give Wings.
Queen] Support me *Charles*----
Prince] ----Madam you'r in a Swoon,
And whilſt I'd bear you up, ye ſtill fall down.

[*The Lady* Buccleugh *in the Retinue, advances, to wait on the Queen fallen down dead.*

La.Buc.] O Prince, your ſpeechleſs Queen wants ſtrength to riſe;
By Love and Sorrow ſlain, ſee how ſhe lyes!
And O! What Strength the Torture could endure:
You to the Dart have join'd Deſpair of Cure.

King] At this firſt ſight, Love did Aſſaults begin,
And Thruſts, ſo long the ſpunk of Life is in.
In vain I ſtrove; for lo! the Pain doth pleaſe;
Yea, though I would, the Arrow will not ceaſe;
But ſtabs me through and through, as ſhot of new:
So, if I've given a Wound, I'm wounded too.

La. Buccl.] When Love, the laſt and ſad Farewell's to Seal;
Strength thus aſſaulted, may begin to fail.
Though you're not furniſht with ſufficient Arms
T'oppoſe ſuch Vertue, and ſuch Beauty's Charms;
Pity the Smart, where no Relief is found:
Each Glance a Dart, and every Dart's a Wound.

King] Perhaps her Spirits to her Heart retire,
Fearing the loſs of what ſhe values dear.
As *Eyes* infect by others Eyes, grow ſore,
The lovely *Baſilisk* has wounded more.

La. Baccl.] Is't not enough, that Love 'gainſt Life prevail?
Why, with the Horrours of a Death aſſail?
Yea, *Deſperadoe* like, the Fight renew,
And if you've murther'd, would be murther'd too?

King] So ſhall the Shadow its own Body leave;
To the wild Boar, the harmleſs Lamb may cleave.
Or can what's weighty not to downward tend?
Can the rebounding Echo Mountains rend?
The Stars their wonted Courſes may forſake,
Or yet the boundleſs Ocean, Waters lack;
Nature's waſt Frame, by ſingle touch remove:
Yet whilſt I live, I cannot ceaſe to love.

La. Buccl.]

La. Buccl.] You when a ſtripling Youth, by all admir'd
The gen'rous breaſt, Love early had inſpir'd.
Yea, charming Nymphs, enamour'd of the Swain,
Strove who'd love moſt, their Pleaſure was their Pain.
For born to Crowns, and all this Sov'reign Sway;
What Fools Ambition courts, he could deny.
But *here* th' unpity'd Victim lyes,
Of Monarchs Love th' unvaluable Prize,
O'rcame your ſtubborn Heart with irreſiſtleſs Eyes.

Prince] All Symptoms of approaching Death appear,
Paleneſs, and cloſing Eyes, diſhevel'd Hair.
Madam, I fear ſhe'll not revive, for why,
No Cordial for her Smart you can apply.

La. Buccl.] Allow ſome Intermiſſion to the Pain,
Till Life, not quite expir'd, return again:
Let's gently lift her up, and Love give o're.

Prince] To Senſe, from this Diſorder, her reſtore.
[*To the Queen.*

La. Buccl.] You who ſtupendous Hazards overcame,
Should Grief, or cowardly Fear, ſuppreſs the Flame?
Ah no, but bravely hold it out: revive.

Queen] To be o'erwhem'd with Grief, why ſhould I live?
[*The Queen is raiſed up.*

King.] And long e're now, I had my Breath reſign'd;
Yes, yes, my Hand the Mean ſhould quickly find:
But Fate for ſomewhat more has me deſign'd.

Queen] Why ſtill on me the ſhining flame retort?
Nought but a flaſh of Love does Life ſupport.
Now may fierce Lions me in pieces tear,
Each *Britiſh* Port, and City have a ſhare,
Or may the hunted *Caledonian* Boar
Me, on ſome mounted Theatre devour.
With Life impal'd, on Scaffold mangled ly,
To glut their Malice, thouſand Deaths I'd dye:
Yea, let them Majeſty it ſelf prophane;
Load me with Crimes, my Birth or Sex can ſtain.

I'll all with *Amazonian* Courage meet,
Till I this Martyrdom of Love compleat.
King] You matchleſs Vertue to the outmoſt try'd!
What to your Merit can be well deny'd?
Of all Delight and Ornaments bereft;
Nought but this Heart, to love you, me is left.
Or as a Taper, ere't to Aſhes turn,
And blinking out, will ſtill the clearer burn;
In me, whilſt doth the vital Spunk remain,
To Atomes, till I crumble down again.
See *here*, my Blood its Veſſels overboil;
There, to its Fountain, ſeemeth to recoil,
Through ardent Love, that ſtrong impulſive Cauſe,
At every Pore it's like to extravaſe.
My Soul expanded, ſtrives to take its Flight,
To be with yours, unbody at the right.
See how my *paralitick* Joints do move,
And all my Pulſe, and all my Powers beat Love.
Queen] Why more and more ye kindle my Deſire;
Your Love, to equal mine, ſeems to aſpire.
When famous Patterns of unlawful Love
Did by Example, my Deſign approve;
The one could mount on her rear'd Funeral Pyle,
The other, Stings of Death by Aſps beguile.
I, who by a more nobler inſtinct move,
Should by far braver Proofs, *here* ſeal my Love.
Yes, yes, I will, though you ſhould not comply;
Sure ſhe but little asks; that aks to dye.
King] When I remember on the happy time
About the World I roam'd in Youthful Prime.
And though unknown, from you receiv'd the Wound:
O how I hugg the Chain wherewith I'm bound!
And in the ſofter blandiſhments of Love,
I might the envy heen of Gods above.
La. Buc.] Why more and more the reſtleſs Paſſion move?
She ſeem'd prepar'd for Conqueſt, not returns of Love.

King] O ſhe, my Battels fought, and Armies led!
Now glooming Clouds, my Glorie's over-ſhade;
I'm troubled more; it aggravates my Care,
That ſhe, of my Misfortunes, had a ſhare.
Now without more, Love ſhall 'gainſt Life prevail.
Prince] Think on another Cauſe that turns the Scale;
And leaſt the Sight ſhould haſte that Enterprize,
It's fit, we take the Object from your Eyes.
Lad. Buc.] Behold, her Charms were not Effects of Art!
Tho ſhe did wound, ſhe always kept a Heart.
Prince] It 's greater Torment to augment the Store;
And by retreating, ſhe but conquers more.
King] Beauty and Vertue, all their Force conjoin'd;
And ſhe 's victorious both in Face and Mind,
Prince] A Noiſe of op'ning Doors doth me diſmay!
King] I fear the watchful Jaylors: Flee away!
Queen] Farewel, farewel: Us, muſt theſe Ruffians part?
O Heavens, O Heavens, incurable's the Smart
Through Woods and unknown *De*ſarts I'll be gone,
There like the Turtle, I the loſs ſhall moan,
Of my dear Mate, and murmure all alone.
Damp't with the lingring Grief at laſt I'll dy,
This Heart a *Mouſolæum* ſhall outvy.
King] O how can words expreſs, what now I feel!
Fondly Embrace, and take the ſad Farewell.

[*Embracing.*

Whether deſcending to Oblivion's ſhade
By Suff'ring, yet more Perfect to be made,
And though you've overcome, I'll not give o're,
In ev'ry State, can love you more and more.
Lady Buc.] Why more, and more ſuch fierce aſſaults renew?
Ye who ſhould comfort, labour to ſubdue,
Strange fight, for as ye conquer'd her, ſhe's conquer'd you.

[*The Queen is carried off.*

King] Important bus'neſs calls me now away,
Quickly begone, and make no longer ſtay!

My

My Glaſs is almoſt run, yet *here*'s my care,
For this grand *Tryal* now I muſt prepare.
Prince] Can your undaunted Breaſt that Mock diſmay?
A Man that's guiltleſs, needs but little ſay.
King] What can the pureſt Innocence acclaim?
Foes, Judges, Criminals, are all the ſame.
Prince] And I, for Diadems and Scepters born,
Am now capricious Fortune's very Scorn:
Unhappy State! for *here* I dare not ſtay;
As miſerable when I flee away.
King] Eclips'd through my Misfortunes, when ſet forth,
Be ſtill a Pattern of Heroick worth,
Princely the ſtroaks of adverſe Fortune bear,
Learn how to want a Crown, as well as wear:
My by-paſt Sorrows why ſhould I recal?
Prince] The Twiggs and Branches with the Root muſt fall.
King] Through time, th'uſurping Faction will decline.
You'll in your native Right and Grandeur ſhine.
I hear the Jaylors ruſhing! Do not ſtay!
Quickly be gone! O quickly flee away.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT V.

Enter His Majesty, *Dr.* Juxton *Biſhop of* London, Oliver Cromwel, Thomas Harrison.

SCENE I.

[*A Priſon beſet with Souldiers.*

The King *and Dr.* Juxton.

King] COnqueſts and Lawrels ſhould my Arms adorn,
I all the ſtroaks of adverſe Fortune ſcorn:
In vain I with my Deſtiny contend,
Treaties and *Battles* now are at an end;

And

And I muſt quite the Stage; with what applauſe?
Juxton] I by the ſucceſs meaſure not your Cauſe:
Though for ſome time the wicked man prevail,
Under the Rod, the Patient muſt not fail,
Until the darting light diſpel the cloud.
Proſperity in ſin may ſtill delude.
Here's Triumph never act at conqu'ring *Rome*;
For you, Great Prince, your ſelf have overcome.
King] Of Infelicity it's the worſt State,
That I am now ſo Mean, who was ſo Great.
Juxt.] For you no Tryal can be ſo ſevere,
When furniſht with ſufficient ſtrength to bear,
And malice ſtrongeſt efforts ſeem to ceaſe;
A wiſe Man may be happy when he'll pleaſe.
King] Affairs to this unhappy poſture tend;
My Subjects ſuffer, what they'll not commend.
The Tragedie already is begun,
And Malice to the ſmalleſt threed is ſpun:
My Foes at me point the redoubled Thruſt.
To be ſolemnly cruel would ſeem juſt.
At once all ſtroaks of adverſe Fortune fly.
Juxt.] Thus Heav'n its own, will to the outmoſt try:
'Gainſt you, though Tongues, and Pens, and Hands conſpire,
The Furnace burning, with the hotteſt Fire.
O're you, when Waves like riſing Mountains rowl;
In patience then poſſeſs your Royal Soul.
With double draughts the Bitter Cup they'll fill;
Yea, let the hideous ſtorm rage as it will,
You're ſafe, wrapt up in matchleſs Vertue, ſtill.
King] Now the rough Horns in glittering Coverts wrapt------
With vails of Piety and Juſtice cled,
And all that could deceive was overſpread;
They kyth a Pace, Life's Sacred Fences cruſh,
At me in native fury ſeem to push.
Juxt.] When Men to Vertue's higheſt pitch aſpire,
Sharpeſt Affliction quickens their Deſire.

Regard

Regard the end of Tryal, not the Smart,
For of the Glory, Suff'ring's but a part.

King] Unhappy man! with what ignoble ſtrife
I've walkt this little journey of my life,
Whilſt frugal Nature only ſeeks for eaſe,
Mind free from cares, a Body from diſeaſe;
But unto me a Fortune is aſſign'd,
Can but in Death no end of ſtrug'ling find.

Juxt.] Vertue comes ſhort of its moſt noble end,
Without ſome adverſe Paſſion do contend:
The Race with Noble Agonies is run,
You've after ſtrongeſt Conflicts bravely won.

King] Long have I been, but ſhort time have I liv'd,
The wrack of my own Fortune I ſurviv'd;
Or, like a Veſſel driven by her Port,
To *Æolus* unſtable Winds a ſport:
Reels to and fro through foamy waves does ſtray,
Much ſhe may ſail, and make but little way.

Juxt.] Vain Man! with anxious care prolongs the ſtrife,
By hope, that ſtrong Impediment of life;
For, not content with what he has to day,
Graſping for more, to morrow flyes away:
Decreped Age a Diſſolution fears,
And begs from Heav'n addition of more Years.
Wild Youth unlawful Pleaſure ſtill approves
By reſtleſs Paſſions, hidden Engines moves,
And both in vain, maintain the painful ſtrife;
They are not part, but drag'd away from life:
But how to live, and how to dy,
That work a man in vigour ſhould apply.

King] What ſtrange diſaſters Mortal Glories wait?
Too long, in vain, I ſtrugled with my Fate,
Muſt ſink by fatal hurrie of the Time,
Under the load of what's my Subjects Crime;
Yet ſtill, ſome faint deſires for life retain,
Hoping that Time may wipe away the ſtain.

To acquiesce, does not decide the Strife;
But makes my Death inglorious as my Life.
Juxt.] Sure Magnanimity becometh best,
When Innocence is blackned and oppreſt:
Yea all the Stroaks of Fortune you can feel----
What are they?
Waves, on a Rock of Diamonds that break,
Waſh't to a greater Brightneſs, cannot ſhake.
You're with th' Advantage of that Wiſdom bleſt;
Time, Fortune, Nature's Snares, which can reſiſt.
King.] Hard State, in which Life I would not refuſe,
And yet to end the Strife, Death freely chooſe:
Since ſometime it muſt be, what needs there Strife,
How, when, or what ſhall cut the threed of Life.
Juxt.] What's Life! vain Word that doth it ſelf belie,
Wreſtling to live, ſure we more truely die;
Vices of Age, and Miſeries of Life,
When duely ponder'd, may decide the Strife.
Here Man, that noble Creature's chang'd and toſt,
Till Time or Fortune ſplit him on the Coaſt
For as the Wind doth blow,
He's ſometime high, and ſometime low,
And like a Beaſt or Machine driven ſo.

[*Enter* Thomas Harriſon *after knocking rudely at the Door of the Apartment.*

Juxt. Why us moleſt, unmannerly apply,
As if the fatal Hour were drawing nigh?
Har.] Now the *High-court of Juſtice* doth agree
It's time to execute their laſt Decree.
The doubled Guards are ſet, the Scaffold's rear'd!
And at the ſharpned Ax, Spectators fear'd!
Th'unruly Mob ſuch fierce Aſſaults renew,
Greedy of Sight:----
King] And I am ready too.

Har.] Life with a Crown is valuable ſtill,
And both may yet be ſafe, if ye but will.
Juxt.] The ugly Sentence paſt, what can prevail?
Har] No Pow'r's bound up, but that it may repeal,
And ye on my Credentials may rely,
They're ſent from *Cromwel*, who bears all the Sway:
I'll them expoſe.---
Juxt.] Let's hear what they contain.
Har.] He'll ſave his Life, and Dignity maintain;
Perſwade him to allow, if he'd be Great,
Another *Syſtem* of the Church and State,
Without a Lording *Prelat*, or a *Peer*,
And he th' Enſigns, *Cromwel* the Sword muſt wear.
King.] No more: That doth my juſt Diſdain renew;
Why tempt ye me, to ſully Honour now?
I have more laſting Glories in my View;
Nor ſhall frail Life's baſe impotent Deſire,
Make me to ſwerve from what I do aſpire.

[*Exit* Harriſon *whiſpering to the Biſhop, that* H. Peters, *and other Preachers were waiting for acceſs to aſſiſt the King in his Devotion*

King] My Lord, you ſee theſe Rogues purſue my Life,
Adviſe, how with't I'll part without a Strife.
The ebbing Sand's yet running, let's agree,
And ſo from double Torment keep me free:
No more Diſputes 'bout life I will renew;
Since I'm to die, what needs me wreſtle too?
Juxt.] So long the Mortal Load Man groaning bear
He cowardly Death as terrible may fear
Grapling with's horrours, dreads eternal Pain,
For Life, ſo many Blemiſhes did ſtain:

Bur

But you whose Nature's from such Dross refin'd,
May combat violent Death with fearless mind.

[*A noise is heard at the Door.*

The *Faction* for your Ghostly Comfort send
Some Preachers of the *Gang*, who now attend.

King] Shall they in this last Agony assist,
Who me betray'd, deceitfully had kiss'd;
Hallow'd the Crime, 'gainst me with Zeal did pray;
After my Thanks, dismiss them then away.

[*Exit.*

Malice unsatiable with my blood
Will needs what's nauseous to my Soul, obtrude.

[*Aside.*

But thou, to whom no secret Thought's unknown,
Wilt have me try'd, but never overthrown.

[*Re-enter Doctor* Juxton.

Juxt.] Man's Life's like to a Post that travels on
From Stage to Stage, until the Course be run;
And in the Journey nought retards the Stay,
He cuts the smoothest, and the rugged way.

King] Sore labour! when he travels, every Stage
Does him with strange encounters still engage.

Juxt.] And yet with all he bravely must contend.

King] When I the ghastly Theatre ascend,
Me some unmanly Fears may overtake,
To think that with such Shame my Heart Strings break.

Juxt.] Through Hope, at last such *Phantoms* disappear,
There's neither Cause of Shame, or Cause of Fear:
For you'll in spight of all they can design,
Through grossest Imputations brighter shine:
Of Death let no *Idea* fright your Mind,
But of a Soul from Body when disjoin'd.
And whilst th' aspiring Soul's upon the Wing,
Think but on him who pull'd away the Sting.

[Harrison *knocks again rudely at the Door, the King and the Bishop come*

out, the Scene changeth, an Army appears, with Drums beating, Colours flying, they open and make a long Lane for the King and the Bishop to pass, and at the other end of the Stage, the Block and the Ax are placed.

King] My Lord, more quickly this slow pace amend,
This Huricane of Life is near an end.

[*Walking.*

Yet foreward, foreward, bravely I'll go on,
As if some Diadem were to be won.

Juxt.] True Symptoms of a Great undaunted Mind:
Happy's the Journey leaves no Cares behind.

King] Fortune with me has most severely dealt;
I yield to Punishment without a Guilt.

[*To the Spectators about the Scaffold.*

T' Unjustice once, through weakness, I gave way:
Heaven doth the Sentence on my self repay.

[*Strafford.*

I die the Peoples *Martyr*, here's the Cause,
That to the Sword I'd not subject the *Laws*.
You've run in this gross Error all along;
For success never justifies a Wrong.
Right Measures for the Kingdoms Peace pursue;
Give *GOD*, his *Church*, and next my *Son* their Due.

Juxt.] Though you from true *Religion* never stray'd,
Now if you please, of't somewhat may be said.

King] I in that Form of Worship persevere,
Whose Purity was still my chiefest Care.
Now rav'nous Wolves and Boars intrude
Where the hedg'd Vine-yard once so glorious stood,
And *here*, I the *True Faith* oppress'd, seal with my Blood

I all the World forgive, he'll Witness bear,
[*Pointing to the Bishop.*
Without Exemption those who brought me *here*,
Pray Heaven may not require it at their *Hands*,
Thus my unbounded Charity commands.
Yea, all who ever me injur'd------
As *Man*, or as a *Christian* or a *King*----
Once more I say pursue the Kingdom's Peace;
To the last Gasp, from that I will not cease
[*Turning about.*
And is this Block to be no higher.-----
Har.] ----No:
Thus it must stand, for it was order'd so.
Juxt.] Let not the dreadful Weapon you surprize,
No Fear: For as th' innocent Heifer dies
To angry Gods a spotless Sacrifice.
And all around sheds the atoning Blood;
Yea, stains the Altars with the Purple flood.
So you're most harmless to the slaughter led,
A greater Blood, without a Guilt was shed;
Through that, o'rcome all Terrors of the Shade.
King] I triumph, since to vanquish I'm so sure,
In that bright Pattern, did far worse endure:
For soaring to Perfections highest State,
The Bless, Hopes of Fruition antedate.
Juxt.] Hail Royal Victim! in this Cypress cled
Hail to the living Shrine! Hail to the Shade!
At this exalted Triumph you're to won,
Angels and Saints from Heaven are looking down;
And on an Emp'rors Head, behold the Martyr's Crown.
King] Stript off the Min'stry of fallacious Sense
[*Preparing for the Block.*
Now shall th' eternal perfect State commence:
And I'll that everlasting Crown enjoy,
No Plot, nor yet Disturbance can anoy.

Juxt.]

Juxt.] Happy Exchange! With Courage ye lay down
A fading, for an ever Glorious Crown.
King] My Soul a deal of Cordial Joy now draws;
I've ſtill a Gracious GOD, and Noble Cauſe:
Yea Courage once recoiling, ſeems to riſe.
Juxt.] E're you Great Soul unbody for the Skies
There's one Stage more: It's turbulent indeed,
The Pain will ſcarce be felt when't cuts the threed;
And then your Royal Soul ſhall take its Flight
With elemented Duſt a Lodging ſlight.
Shake off the Clog, move in its proper Sphere,
And of the Beatifick Viſion ſhare.
Here's no *Icarian* Wings did once betray,
Let not high ſoaring in the Flight diſmay,
This Stage, will carry you above the *Milky-way*.
King] Now th' unexhauſted Ocean of Delight,
Swallows Reflections, and my Senſes quite.
I know no how, nor where, nor what, nor why——
Juxt.] And lo, can Heart conceive, or Tongue ſet forth
Th' Orb of Glory, adapted to your Worth:
The Heavenly *Chore* will Halelujahs ſing,
O How they'll welcom you the Martyr'd King!
And all diſſolve in Praiſe of the *Eternal Spring*.
King] Set faſt the Block: I'll give the *Sign* anon: [*To the Executioner.*
And then, *&c.*

[*The* King *and the* Biſhop *confer, and pray apart, and after undreſſing for the Block, and yielding, is murthered.*

Juxt.] Wo's me! the innocent bleeding Victim lyes!
O cruel! to be ſeen by tearleſs Eyes.
Who wore the gorgeous Robe, and thorny Crown?
For him, what did befall the *Sacred Town*?
Har.] There's no more uſe for your Devotions now,
Can you ſuch miſapplying here avow?

What

What was't ye whisper'd? why, his *George* ye got,
And Writs, to set on foot another Plot
Against the State: But lest the Poison spread,
Here seise him Guards, let him be Pris'ner made.

[*Exeant omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter OLIVER CROMWEL, THOMAS HARRISON.

Crom.] SOme Cowards, a Treach'rous Heart did near deceive,
They seem'd to bogle, at th' Assent they gave,
Would needs the sacred Oracle invoke,
E're they'd determin to inflict the Stroke.
Prostrat before the Altars, we did mourn.

Har.] Heaven to your Pray'rs gave suitable return
He's damn'd, who durst the Voice resist! For lo
I uncontrol'd have giv'n the Fatal Blow,
See *here*, can ye the lifeless Statue know.

Enter Prince of Wales *in Mourning at the other end of the Stage with his Sword drawn.*

Prince.] If injur'd Monarchs their known Rights may sue,
What's Nature's Law? what's an Usurper's Due?
For Crimes of such a dye, what can attone?
A murther'd Father, and a banish'd Son!

Crom.] I took but up that Sword he could not wear,
And since I'm Conqueror, I'll be his Heir.
Titles to Crowns from civil Contracts Spring;
It's *Law* that makes, and takes away a King.

In

It's but in vain a Birth-right to pretend;
For *Publick Safety* knows no private End.
Prince] You talk of *Law*, who Law have overthrown;
My Subjects gave you what was not their own.
Conqueſt! ſo murdering Robbers give't a Name;
Where proſp'rous Villainy admits no Shame.
Crom.] Though Gaudy Enſigns, ſtupid Fools did awe;
Impos'd a *Divine Right*, for human Law.
Yet free born Man, as ſuch muſt needs be us'd;
It's Pow'r that makes the Right, when Right's abus'd:
'Gainſt mine do ye a forfeit Title bring
Of Pow'r? the Peoples Voice, is th' only Spring.
Prince] Be bold in Miſchief ſtill, be not aſham'd;
Though you're the Traitor, I'm the King proclaim'd.
O how th' Impoſture *Liberty* deceives;
When you're the Tyrant, ſure they're doubly Slaves.

[*Exit* Oliver *whiſpering to* Harriſon *to guard againſt the King's eſcape.*

Har.] By's Sword, mind but your wreſtling Father's Caſe,
It's fatal to his Fortune's and his Race,
Bears out th' Advantage of its Conqueſt ſtill.
Yield your pretences, e're He'll ſurely kill.

[*Enter Marqueſs of* Montroſe *in Mourning, with his Sword drawn, forcing Paſſage through the Guards.*

Prince] Welcome you matchleſs *Hero*, *Cromwel's* here.
Mont]. Sure there's an Ambuſh laid, do not appear.
Prince] O had he been a King I'd ſtab'd him dead.
Mont.] A *H*alter, not a *S*word ſhould cut the Threed.
Prince] Others, Conditions to be loyal made,
As *Covenant*, that *ignis fatuus* led.

But

But you, without Reserve, prov'd forward still,
And knew no Measure, but my Father's Will,
Born for the Support of a Suff'ring Cause.
Mont.] Sir, doing Duty, merits not applause.
Prince] Your Arm victorious still, resisted most:
No more, a Conquest, dare th' Usurper boast.
Trophies by wonders gain'd, I need not name.
Mont.] Capricious Fortune, play'd the scornful Game.
'Gainst Rebels, Fleets, and Armies yet appear,
Your murther'd Father, on their Ensigns bear.
O! for the Pious King's eclipsed Race,
I'd *Hercules* in all his Labours Trace.
Prince] 'Twixt ebbing Power, and success streaming Tide,
Each hurri'd Hour of Life away does glide.
I'm grasping still, when flatter'd with a smile:
Some general Rout doth all my Hopes beguile.
Mont.] Fortune her self's unstable as the Wind;
To you and me severe, and sometimes kind:
We'll bear her Turnings with an equal Mind.
Star forc'd to wander from thy Sphere, arise!
Assume thy proper Station in the Skies;
Outshine the *Met'ors*, which abuse our sight,
With more refulgent Rayes, now dart thy Light:
Thy Native Light! and *Magnitude* display;
Mountains congeal'd in *Factions* melt away.
Your rallying Squadrons fearless I will head.
Prince] So may the Loyal Wish at last succeed.
What Titles to your Merit can be due;
My Right to these three Kingdoms then pursue.
It's you, and only you, a Trust shou'd claim,
Worthy of your untainted Blood, and Gallant NAME.
Mont.] I'm born to shine with my own Fire and Light,
No need your Royal Hands mould me more bright.
When me this Fevrish Blood to Arms shall boil;
I glory in the Honourable Toil,
And till ye mount your Throne, shall not recoil.

I by th' Immortal *Gods* have deeply ſwore,
This Hand your Crown's withheld, muſt needs reſtore;
I and Ten Thouſand more ſhall walter in our Gore.

[*Re-enter* Oliver Cromwel *with his Sword drawn.*

Crom.] Are you *Montroſe*, that Man of vaſt applauſe,
The *Scottiſh* Champion of the Royal Cauſe?

Mont.] Are you that much more famous *Oliver*,
Whoſe Name's a complicated Crime?----

Crom.] ----Beware.
Gaudy, with *Scottiſh* Triumphs ye appear;
You'll find the Steel a little harder *here.*

[*Fighting*

Mont.] This Knave had Skill to ſin; whoſe hand did know
How to behead three Kingdoms at a Blow;
What! Have I not defeat a braver Foe.

Crom.] Upbraid me not with Glories I have won,
Since I that Noble *Brutus* have outdone.

Mont.] Becauſe ye did ſucceed, be Villain more.

[*Thruſting.*

O were my Sword dy'd with the Purple Gore.

Har.] See how the furious *Scot* on's Valour Tow'rs.

[*Throwing up their Swords*

Let's ſeiſe the Heir, the Inheritance is ours.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 18. betwixt the fifth and ſixth line, read on the Margin the word *Henderſon.* *pag.* 36. *for* Spider *read* Viper. *pag.* 22. in ſome few of the Copies, *for* Reſolution, *read* Treaſure. *pag.* 30. in ſome of the Copies, *for* ſelf, *read* Life.

Ubi plurima nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor Maculis——